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THE
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.
WITH
PREFACES,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FORTY-SIXTH.

L O N D O N:

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THE
FORTY-SIXTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
second
THE ~~THIRD~~ VOLUME
OF
P O P E.



AN
E S S A Y
ON
S A T I R E,

OCCASIONED BY
THE DEATH OF MR. POPE.

INSCRIBED TO
MR. WARBURTON,

By J. BROWN, A.M.

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P A R T I.

FATE gave the word: the cruel arrow sped;
 And Pope lies number'd with the mighty Dead!
 Resign'd he fell; superior to the dart,
 That quench'd its rage in Yours and Britain's Heart:
 You mourn: but Britain, lull'd in rest profound, 5
 (Unconscious Britain!) slumbers o'er her wound.
 Exulting Dulness ey'd the setting Light,
 And flapp'd her wing, impatient for the Night:
 Rous'd at the signal, Guilt collects her train,
 And counts the Triumphs of her growing Reign: 10
 With inextinguishable rage they burn;
 And Snake-hung Envy hisses o'er his Urn:
 Th' envenom'd Monsters spit their deadly foam,
 To blast the laurel that surrounds his Tomb.
 But You, O Warburton! whose eye refin'd 15
 Can see the greatness of an honest mind;
 Can see each Virtue and each Grace unite,
 And taste the Raptures of a pure Delight;
 You visit oft his awful Page with Care,
 And view that bright assemblage treasur'd there; 20
 You trace the Chain that links his deep design,
 And pour new lustre on the glowing Line.
 Yet deign to hear the efforts of a Muse,
 Whose eye, not wing, his ardent flight pursues:
 Intent from this great Archetype to draw 25
 Satire's bright Form, and fix her equal Law;

Pleas'd if from hence th' unlearn'd may comprehend,
And reverence His and Satire's generous End.

In every breast there burns an active flame,
The Love of Glory, or the Dread of Shame: 30
The Passion One, though various it appear,
As brighten'd into Hope, or dimm'd by Fear.
The lisping Infant, and the hoary Sire,
And Youth and Manhood feel the heart-born fire:
The Charms of Praise the Coy, the Modest woo, 35
And only fly, that Glory may pursue:
She, Power resistless, rules the wise and great;
Beads ev'n reluctant Hermits at her feet;
Haunts the proud City, and the lowly Shade,
And sways alike the Sceptre and the Spade. 40

Thus Heaven in Pity wakes the friendly Flame,
To urge Mankind on Deeds that merit Fame:
But Man, vain Man, in Folly only wise,
Rejects the Manna sent him from the Skies:
With raptures hears corrupted Passion's call, 45
Still proudly prone to mingle with the stall.
As each deceitful Shadow tempts his view,
He for the imag'd Substance quits the true;
Eager to catch the visionary Prize,
In quest of Glory plunges deep in Vice; 50
Till madly zealous, impotently vain,
He forfeits every Praise he pants to gain.

Thus still imperious Nature plies her part;
And still her Dictates work in every heart.
Each Power that sovereign Nature bids enjoy, 55
Man may corrupt, but Man can ne'er destroy.

Like

Like mighty rivers, with resistless force
The Passions rage, obstructed in their course;
Swell to new heights, forbidden paths explore,
And drown those Virtues which they fed before. 60

And sure, the deadliest Foe to Virtue's flame,
Our worst of Evils, is perverted Shame.

Beneath this load, what abject numbers groan,
Th' entangled Slaves to folly not their own!

Meanly by fashionable fear oppress'd, 65

We seek our Virtues in each other's breast;

Blind to ourselves, adopt each foreign Vice,

Another's weakness, interest, or caprice.

Each Fool to low Ambition, poorly great,

That pines in splendid wretchedness of state, 70

Tir'd in the treacherous Chace, would nobly yield,

And, but for shame, like Sylla, quit the field:

The Dæmon Shame paints strong the ridicule,

And whispers close, "The World will call you Fool."

Behold yon Wretch, by impious fashion driven, 75

Believes and trembles, while he scoffs at Heaven.

By weakness strong, and bold through fear alone,

He dreads the sneer by shallow Coxcombs thrown;

Dauntless pursues the path Spinoza trod;

To man a Coward, and a Brave to God. 80

Faith, Justice, Heaven itself now quit their hold,

When to false Fame the captive Heart is sold:

Hence, blind to truth, relentless Cato dy'd;

Nought could subdue his Virtue, but his Pride.

Hence chaste Lucretia's Innocence betray'd 85

Fell by that Honour which was meant its aid.

Thus Virtue sinks beneath unnumber'd woes,
When Passions, born her friends, revolt her foes.

Hence Satire's power: 'Tis her corrective part,
To calm the wild disorders of the heart.

99

She points the arduous height where Glory lies,
And teaches mad Ambition to be wise:

In the dark bosom wakes the fair desire,
Draws good from ill, a brighter flame from fire:
Strips black Oppression of her gay disguise,

95

And bids the Hag in native horror rise;
Strikes towering Pride and lawless Rapine dead,
And plants the wreath on Virtue's awful head.

Nor boasts the Muse a vain imagin'd Power,
Though oft she mourns those ills she cannot cure.

100

'The Worthy court her, and the Worthless fear;
Who shun her piercing eye, that eye revere.

Her awful voice the Vain and Vile obey,
And every foe to Wisdom feels her sway.

Smarts, Pedants, as she smiles, no more are vain;

105

Desponding Fops resign the clouded cane:

Hush'd at her voice, pert Folly's self is still,

And Dulness wonders while she drops her quill.

Like the arm'd Bee, with art most subtly true,

From poisonous Vice she draws a healing dew:

110

Weak are the ties that civil arts can find,

To quell the ferment of the tainted mind:

Cunning evades, securely wrapp'd in wiles!

And Force strong-sinew'd rends th' unequal toils:

The stream of Vice impetuous drives along,

115

'Too deep for Policy, for Power too strong.

Ev'n fair Religion, Native of the skies,
Scorn'd by the Crowd, seeks refuge with the Wife;
The Crowd with laughter spurns her awful train,
And Mercy courts, and Justice frowns in vain. 120
But Satire's Shaft can pierce the harden'd breast:
She plays a ruling Passion on the rest:

Undaunted storms the battery of his pride,
And awes the Brave that Earth and Heaven defy'd.
When fell Corruption, by her vassals crown'd, 125
Derides fall'n Justice prostrate on the ground;
Swift to redress an injur'd People's groan,
Bold Satire shakes the Tyrant on her throne;
Powerful as Death, defies the fordid train,
And Slaves and Sycophants surround in vain. 130

But with the friends of Vice, the foes of Satire,
All truth is Spleen; all just reproof, Ill-nature.

Well may they dread the Muse's fatal skill;
Well may they tremble when she draws her quill:
Her magic quill, that, like Ithuriel's spear, 135
Reveals the cloven hoof, or lengthen'd ear:
Bids Vice and Folly take their natural shapes,
Turns Duchesses to strumpets, Beaux to apes;
Drags the vile Whisperer from his dark abode,
'Till all the Dæmon starts up from the toad. 140

O fordid maxim, form'd to screen the vile,
That true good-nature still must wear a smile!
In frowns array'd her beauties stronger rise,
When love of Virtue wakes her scorn of Vice:
Where Justice calls, 'tis Cruelty to save; 145
And 'tis the Law's good-nature hangs the Knave.

Who combats Virtue's foe is Virtue's friend;
 Then judge of Satire's merit by her end :
 To Guilt alone her vengeance stands confin'd,
 The object of her love is all Mankind. 150

Scarce more the friend of Man, the wise must own,
 Ev'n Allen's bounteous hand, than Satire's frown :
 This to chastise, as That to bless was giv'n;
 Alike the faithful Ministers of Heaven.

Oft in unfeeling hearts the shaft is spent : 155
 Though strong th' example, weak the punishment.
 They least are pain'd, who merit Satire most :
 Folly the Laureat's, Vice was Chartres' boast :
 Then where's the wrong, to gibbet high the name
 Of Fools and Knaves already dead to shame? 160

Oft Satire acts the faithful Surgeon's part;
 Generous and kind, though painful, is her art :
 With caution bold, she only strikes to heal;
 Though folly raves to break the friendly steel.
 Then sure no fault impartial Satire knows, 165
 Kind ev'n in Vengeance, kind to Virtue's foes.
 Whose is the crime, the scandal too be theirs;
 The Knave and Fool are their own Libellers.

P A R T II.

DARE nobly then: But conscious of your trust,
As ever warm and bold be ever just: 170
Nor court applause in these degenerate days:
The Villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
And shew Mankind that Truth has yet a friend.
'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write, 175
As Foplings grin to shew their teeth are white:
To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
You fix an arrow in a blameless heart. 180

O lost to honour's voice, O doom'd to shame,
Thou Fiend accurst, thou Murderer of Fame!
Fell Ravisher, from innocence to tear
That name, than liberty, than life more dear!
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return, 185
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?
And know, immortal Truth shall mock thy toil:
Immortal Truth shall bid the shaft recoil;
With rage retorted, wing the deadly dart;
And empty all its poison in thy heart. 190

With caution next, the dangerous power apply;
An eagle's talon asks an eagle's eye:
Let Satire then her proper object know,
And ere she strike, be sure she strike a foe.

Nor

Nor fondly deem the real fool confess, 195
 Because blind Ridicule conceives a jest:
 Before whose altar Virtue oft hath bled,
 And oft a destin'd victim shall be led:
 Lo Shaftesbury rears her high on Reason's throne,
 And loads the Slave with honours not her own: 200
 Big-swoln with folly, as her smiles provoke,
 Prophaneness spawns, pert Dunces nurse the joke!
 Come, let us join awhile this tittering crew,
 And own the Ideot Guide for once is true;
 Deride our weak forefathers' musty rule, 205
 Who therefore smil'd, because they saw a Fool;
 Sublimar logic now adorns our isle,
 We therefore see a Fool, because we smile.
 Truth in her gloomy cave why fondly seek?
 Lo, gay she sits in Laughter's dimpled cheek: 210
 Contemns each furly Academic foe,
 And courts the spruce Freethinker and the Beau.
 Dædalian arguments but few can trace,
 But all can read the language of grimace.
 Hence mighty Ridicule's all-conquering hand 215
 Shall work Herculean wonders through the Land:
 Bound in the magic of her cobweb chain,
 You, mighty Warburton, shall rage in vain,
 In vain the trackless maze of Truth you scan,
 And lend th' informing Clue to erring Man: 220
 No more shall Reason boast her power divine,
 Her Base eternal shook by Folly's mine!
 Truth's sacred Fort th' exploded laugh shall win;
 And Coxcombs vanquish Berkeley by a grin.

But

95 But you, more sage, reject th' inverted rule, 225
That Truth is e'er explor'd by Ridicule:
On truth, on falsehood, let her colours fall,
She throws a dazzling glare alike on all;
As the gay Prism but mocks the flatter'd eye,
100 And gives to every object every dye. 230
Beware the mad Adventurer: bold and blind
She hoists her sail, and drives with every wind;
Deaf as the storm to sinking Virtue's groan,
Nor heeds a Friend's destruction, or her own.
205 Let clear-ey'd Reason at the helm preside, 235
Bear to the wind, or stem the furious tide;
Then Mirth may urge, when Reason can explore,
This point the way, that waft us glad to shore.

210 Though distant Times may rise in Satire's page,
Yet chief 'tis her's to draw the present Age: 240
With Wisdom's lustre, Folly's shade contrast,
And judge the reigning Manners by the past:
Bid Britain's Heroes (awful Shades!) arise,
And ancient Honour beam on modern Vice:
215 Point back to minds ingenuous, actions fair, 245
Till the Sons blush at what their Fathers were:
Ere yet 'twas beggary the great to trust;
Ere yet 'twas quite a folly to be just;
When low-born Sharpers only dar'd a lye,
220 Or falsify'd the Card, or cogg'd the Dye; 250
Ere Lewdness the stain'd garb of Honour wore,
Or Chastity was carted for the Whore;
Vice flutter'd, in the plumes of Freedom dress'd;
Or public Spirit was the public jest.

Be

Be ever, in a just expression, bold, 255
 Yet ne'er degrade fair Satire to a Scold:
 Let no unworthy mien her form debase,
 But let her smile, and let her frown with grace:
 In mirth be temperate, temperate in her spleen;
 Nor, while she preaches modesty, obscene. 260
 Deep let her wound, not rankle to a fore,
 Nor call his Lordship —, her Grace a —:
 The Muse's charms resistless then assail,
 When wrapp'd in Irony's transparent veil:
 Her beauties half-conceal'd, the more surprise, 265
 And keener lustre sparkles in her eyes.
 Then be your line with sharp encomiums grac'd:
 Style Clodius honourable, Bufa chaste.

Dart not on Folly an indignant eye:
 Who e'er discharg'd Artillery on a Fly? 270
 Deride not Vice: Absurd the thought and vain,
 To bind the Tiger in so weak a chain.
 Nay more; when flagrant crimes your laughter move,
 The Knave exults: to smile, is to approve.
 The Muse's labour then success shall crown, 275
 When Folly feels her smile, and Vice her frown.

Know next what measures to each Theme belong,
 And suit your thoughts and numbers to your song:
 On wing proportion'd to your quarry rise,
 And stoop to earth, or soar among the skies. 280
 Thus when a modish folly you rehearse,
 Free the expression, simple be the verse.
 In artless numbers paint th' ambitious Peer,
 That mounts the box, and shines a Charioteer:

In

In strains familiar sing the midnight toil 285
Of Camps and Senates disciplin'd by Hoyle;
Patriots and Chiefs, whose deep design invades,
And carries off the captive King—of Spades!
Let Satire here in milder vigour shine,
And gayly graceful sport along the line; 290
Bid courtly passion quit her thin pretence,
And smile each Affectation into sense.

Not so when Virtue by her Guards betray'd,
Spurn'd from her Throne, implores the Muse's aid;
When crimes, which erst in kindred darkness lay, 295
Rise frontless, and insult the eye of day;
Indignant Hymen veils his hallow'd fires,
And white-rob'd Chastity with tears retires;
When rank Adultery on the genial bed
Hot from Cocytus rears her baleful head: 300
When private Faith and public Trust are sold,
And Traitors barter Liberty for gold:
When fell Corruption dark and deep, like fate,
Saps the foundation of a sinking State:
When Giant-Vice and Irreligion rise, 305
On mountain'd falsehoods to invade the Skies:
Then warmer numbers glow through Satire's page,
And all her smiles are darken'd into rage:
On eagle-wing she gains Parnassus' height,
Not lofty Epic soars a nobler flight: 310
Then keener indignation fires her eye;
Then flash her lightnings, and her thunders fly;
Wide and more wide her flaming bolts are hurl'd,
Till all her wrath involves the guilty World.

Yet

Yet Satire oft assumes a gentler mien, 315
 And beams on Virtue's friends a smile serene!
 She wounds reluctant; pours her balm with joy;
 Glad to commend where worth attracts her eye.
 But chief, when Virtue, Learning, Arts decline,
 She joys to see unconquer'd merit shine; 320
 Where bursting glorious, with departing ray,
 True Genius gilds the close of Britain's Day:
 With joys she sees the stream of Roman art
 From Murray's tongue flow purer to the heart:
 Sees Yorke to fame, ere yet to Manhood known, 325
 And just to every virtue, but his own;
 Hears unstain'd Cam with generous pride proclaim
 A Sage's, Critic's, and a Poet's name:
 Beholds, where Widcombe's happy hills ascend,
 Each orphan'd Art and Virtue find a friend: 330
 To Hagley's honour'd shade directs her view;
 And culls each flower, to form a Wreath for you.
 But tread with cautious step this dangerous ground,
 Beset with faithless precipices round:
 Truth be your guide: disdain Ambition's call; 335
 And if you fall with Truth, you greatly fall.
 'Tis Virtue's native lustre that must shine;
 The Poet can but set it in his line:
 And who unmov'd with laughter can behold
 A fordid pebble meanly grac'd with gold? 340
 Let real Merit then adorn your lays,
 For Shame attends on prostituted praise:
 And all your wit, your most distinguish'd art,
 But makes us grieve you want an honest heart.

Nor think the Muse by Satire's Law confin'd: 345
She yields description of the noblest kind.

Inferior art the Landscape may design,
And paint the purple evening in the line:
Her daring thought essays a higher plan;
Her hand delineates Passion, pictures Man. 350

And great the toil, the latent soul to trace,
To paint the heart, and catch internal grace;
By turns bid Vice or Virtue strike our eyes,
Now bid a Wolfey or a Cromwell rise;

Now, with a touch more sacred and refin'd, 355
Call forth a Chesterfield's or Lonsdale's mind.

Here sweet or strong may every Colour flow,
Here let the pencil warm, the canvass glow:
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life. 360

PART III.

THROUGH Ages thus has Satire keenly shin'd,
 The Friend to Truth, to Virtue, and Mankind:
 Yet the bright flame from Virtue ne'er had sprung,
 And Man was guilty ere the Poet sung.

This Muse in silence joy'd each better Age, 365
 Till glowing crimes had wak'd her into rage.
 Truth saw her honest spleen with new delight,
 And bade her wing her shafts, and urge their flight.
 First on the Sons of Greece she prov'd her art,
 And Sparta felt the fierce Iambic dart. 370

To Latium next, avenging Satire flew:
 The flaming falchion rough Lucilius drew;
 With dauntless warmth in Virtue's cause engag'd,
 And conscious Villains trembled as he rag'd.

Then sportive Horace caught the generous fire; 375
 For Satire's bow resign'd the sounding lyre:
 Each arrow polish'd in his hand was seen,
 And, as it grew more polish'd, grew more keen.
 His art, conceal'd in study'd negligence,
 Politely sly, cajol'd the foes of sense; 380
 He seem'd to sport and trifle with the dart,
 But, while he sported, drove it to the heart.

In graver strains majestic Persius wrote,
 Big with a ripe exuberance of thought:
 Greatly sedate, contemn'd a Tyrant's reign, 385
 And lash'd Corruption with a calm disdain.

More

More ardent eloquence, and boundless rage,
Inflame bold Juvenal's exalted page.

His mighty numbers aw'd corrupted Rome,
And swept audacious greatness to its doom; 390
The headlong torrent, thundering from on high,
Rent the proud rock that lately brav'd the sky.

But lo! the fatal Victor of Mankind,
Swol'n Luxury!—pale Ruin stalks behind!
As countless Insects from the north-east pour, 395
To blast the Spring, and ravage every flower;
So barbarous Millions spread contagious death:
The sickening Laurel wither'd at their breath.
Deep Superstition's night the skies o'erhung,
Beneath whose baleful dews the Poppy sprung. 400

No longer Genius woo'd the Nine to love,
But Dulness nodded in the Muse's grove:
Wit, Spirit, Freedom, were the sole offence,
Nor aught was held so dangerous as Sense.

At length, again fair Science shot her ray, 405
Dawn'd in the skies, and spoke returning day.
Now, Satire, triumph o'er thy flying foe,
Now load thy quiver, string thy slacken'd bow!
'Tis done—See great Erasmus breaks the spell,
And wounds triumphant Folly in her Cell! 410

(In vain the solemn Cowl surrounds her face,
Vain all her bigot cant, her sour grimace)
With shame compell'd her leaden throne to quit,
And own the force of Reason urg'd by Wit.

'Twas then plain Donne in honest vengeance rose,
His Wit harmonious, though his Rhyme was prose:

He 'midst an Age of Puns and Pedants wrote
With genuine sense, and Roman strength of thought.

Yet scarce had Satire well relum'd her flame,
(With grief the Muse records her Country's shame) 420
Ere Britain saw the foul revolt commence,

And treacherous Wit began her war with Sense.

Then rose a shameless mercenary train,

Whom latest Time shall view with just disdain :

A race fantastic, in whose gaudy line

425

Untutor'd thought and tinsel beauty shine :

Wit's shatter'd Mirror lies in fragments bright,

Reflects not Nature, but confounds the sight.

Dry Morals the Court-Poet blush'd to sing ;

'Twas all his praise to say " the oddest thing." 430

Proud for a jest obscene, a Patron's nod,

To martyr Virtue, or blaspheme his God.

Ill-fated Dryden ! who unmov'd can see

'Th' extremes of wit and meanness join'd in Thee ?

Flames that could mount, and gain their kindred skies,

Low creeping in the putrid sink of vice :

A Muse whom Wisdom woo'd, but woo'd in vain,

The Pimp of Power, the Prostitute to Gain :

Wreaths, that should deck fair Virtue's form alone,

To Strumpets, Traitors, Tyrants, vilely thrown : 440

Unrival'd Parts, the scorn of honest fame ;

And Genius rise, a Monument of shame !

More happy France : immortal Boileau there

Supported Genius with a Sage's care :

Him with her love propitious Satire blest,

445

And breath'd her airs divine into his breast :

Fancy

Fancy and Sense to form his line conspire,
And faultless Judgment guides the purest Fire.

But see, at length, the British Genius smile,
And shower her bounties o'er her favour'd Isle: 450

Behold for Pope she twines the laurel crown,
And centers every Poet's power in one:

Each Roman's force adorns his various page;
Gay smiles, collected strength, and manly rage.

Despairing Guilt and Dulness loath the sight, 455
As Spectres vanish at approaching light:

In this clear Mirror with delight we view
Each Image justly fine, and boldly true:

Here Vice, dragg'd forth by Truth's supreme decree,
Beholds and hates her own deformity; 460

While self-seen Virtue in the faithful line
With modest joys surveys her form divine.

But oh, what thoughts, what numbers shall I find,
But faintly to express the Poet's mind!

Who yonder Stars effulgence can display, 465
Unless he dip his pencil in the ray?

Who paint a God, unless the God inspire?
What catch the lightning, but the speed of fire?

So, mighty Pope, to make thy Genius known,
All power is weak, all numbers—but thy own. 470

Each Muse for thee with kind contention strove,
For thee the Graces left th' Idalian grove;

With watchful fondness o'er thy cradle hung,
Attun'd thy voice, and form'd thy infant tongue.

Next, to her Bard majestic Wisdom came; 475
The bard enraptur'd caught the heavenly flame:

With taste superior scorn'd the venal tribe,
 Whom fear can sway, or guilty greatness bribe ;
 At Fancy's call who rear the wanton fail,
 Sport with the stream, and trifle in the gale : 480
 Sublimar views thy daring Spirit bound ;
 Thy mighty Voyage was Creation's round ;
 Intent new Worlds of Wisdom to explore,
 And bless Mankind with Virtue's sacred store ;
 A nobler joy than Wit can give, impart ; 485
 And pour a moral transport o'er the heart.
 Fantastic Wit shoots momentary fires,
 And, like a meteor, while we gaze, expires :
 Wit kindled by the sulphurous breath of Vice,
 Like the blue lightning, while it shines, destroys : 490
 But Genius, fir'd by Truth's eternal ray,
 Burns clear and constant, like the source of day :
 Like this its beam, prolific and refin'd,
 Feeds, warms, inspirits, and exalts the mind ;
 Mildly dispels each wintry Passion's gloom, 495
 And opens all the Virtues into bloom.
 This praise, immortal Pope, to thee be given.
 Thy Genius was indeed a Gift from Heaven.
 Hail, Bard unequal'd, in whose deathless line
 Reason and wit with strength collected shine ; 500
 Where matchless Wit but wins the second praise,
 Lost, nobly lost, in Truth's superior blaze.
 Did Friendship e'er mislead thy wandering Muse ?
 That Friendship sure may plead the great excuse :
 That sacred Friendship which inspir'd thy Song, 505
 Fair in defect, and amiably wrong.

Error like this ev'n Truth can scarce reprove;
'Tis almost Virtue when it flows from Love.

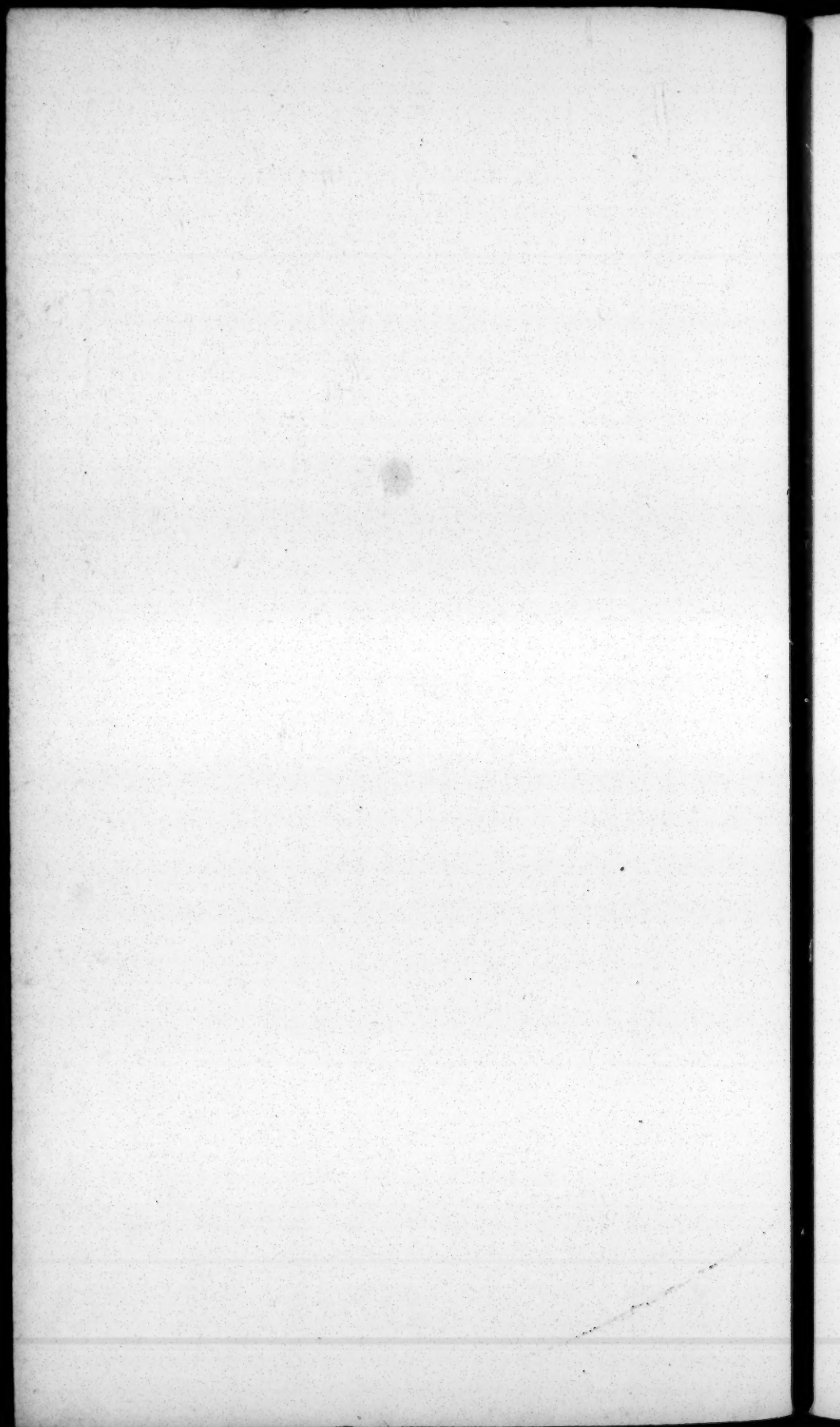
Ye deathless Names, ye Sons of endless praise,
By Virtue crown'd with never-fading bays! 510

Say, shall an artless Muse, if you inspire,
Light her pale lamp at your immortal fire?
Or if, O Warburton, inspir'd by You,
The daring Muse a nobler path pursue,
By You inspir'd, on trembling pinions soar, 515

The sacred founts of social bliss explore,
In her bold numbers chain the Tyrant's rage,
And bid her Country's glory fire her page;
If such her fate, do thou, fair Truth, descend,
And watchful guard her in an honest end: 520

Kindly severe, instruct her equal line
To court no Friend, nor own a Foe but thine.
But if her giddy eye should vainly quit
Thy sacred paths, to run the maze of wit;
If her apostate heart should e'er incline 525

To offer incense at Corruption's shrine;
Urge, urge thy power, the black attempt confound,
And dash the smoaking Censer to the ground.
Thus aw'd to fear, instructed Bards may see
That guilt is doom'd to sink in Infamy. 530



AN
ESSAY
ON
MANNERS:
TO
H. ST. JOHN, L. BOLINGBROKE.

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T H E
D E S I G N.

HAVING propos'd to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my lord Bacon's expression) "come home to Men's Business and Bosoms," I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his Nature, and his State; since, to prove any moral Duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points: There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last; and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible,
and

and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards: The other may seem odd, but it is true; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions, depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning: If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

A N
E S S A Y O N M A N,
I N
F O U R E P I S T L E S,
T O
H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

A R G U M E N T O F
E P I S T L E I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
to the Universe.

OF Man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, ver. 17, &c. II. That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, ver. 35, &c. III. That it is partly upon his Ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, ver. 77, &c. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to
more

more Perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations, ver. 109, &c. V. The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, ver. 131, &c. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the Perfection of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, ver. 173, &c. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone countervails all the other faculties, ver. 207. VIII. How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, ver. 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, ver. 250. X. The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, ver. 281, &c. to the end.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E I.

A WAKE, my St. John! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of Kings.

Let us (since Life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of Man; 5
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
A Wild, where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot;
Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield; 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or fightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies,
And catch the Manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can; 15
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

I. Say first, of God above, or Man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of Man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer? 20
Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who through vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs, 25
What other planets circle other suns,

What

What vary'd Being peoples every star,
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
 But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connections, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

30

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee?

II. Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find,
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
 Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or weaker than the weeds they shade;
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
 Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove?

40

Of Systems possible, if 'tis confess'd,
 That Wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full or not coherent be,
 And all that rises, rise in due degree;
 Then, in the scale of reasoning life, 'tis plain,
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man:
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

45

50

Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:
 In God's, one single can its end produce;
 Yet serves to second too some other use.

55

So Man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
 When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God:
 Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend 65
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end;
 Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd; and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not Man 's imperfect, Heaven in fault;
 Say rather, Man 's as perfect as he ought: 70
 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
 The blest to-day is as completely so, 75
 As who began a thousand years ago.

III. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:

VARIATIONS.

In the former Editions, ver. 64.

Now wears a garland an Ægyptian God.

After ver. 68, the following lines in the first Edition.

If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter, soon or late, or here, or there?
 The blest to-day is as completely so,
 As who began ten thousand years ago.

.From

From brutes what men, from men what spirits know:
 Or who could suffer Being here below? 80
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
 Oh blindness to the future! kindly given, 95
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven:
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar;
 Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast: 95
 Man never Is, but always To be blest:
 The soul, uneasy, and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind; 100

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 88, in the MS.

No great, no little; 'tis as much decreed
 That Virgil's Gnat should die as Cæsar bleed.

Ver. 93, in the first Folio and Quarto,

What bliss above he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that Hope to be thy bliss below.

His

His soul proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heaven;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire; 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

IV. Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such; 115
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet say, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If Man alone ingrosses not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
 In Pride, in reasoning Pride, our error lies;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 108, in the first Edition:

But does he say the Maker is not good,
 Till he's exalted to what state he wou'd;
 Himself alone high Heaven's peculiar care,
 Alone made happy when he will, and where?

Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes, 125
 Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
 Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
 Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel :
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of Order, sins against th' Eternal Cause. 130

V. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for mine:
 " For me kind Nature wakes her genial power ;
 " Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;
 " Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew 135
 " The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
 " For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
 " For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
 " Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
 " My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies." 140

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep?
 " No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause 145
 " Acts not by partial, but by general laws ;
 " Th' exceptions few ; some change since all began :
 " And what created perfect ?"—Why then Man ?
 If the great end be human Happiness,
 Then Nature deviates ; and can Man do less ? 150
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of showers and sun-shine, as of Man's desires ;
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.

If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
 Who knows, but he whose hand the lightning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms;
 Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
 Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind? 160
 From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs;
 Account for moral as for natural things:
 Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
 In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear, 165
 Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
 That never air or ocean felt the wind,
 That never passion discompos'd the mind.
 But all subsists by elemental strife;
 And passions are the elements of Life. 170
 The general Order, since the whole began,
 Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man.

VI. What would this Man? Now upward will he soar,
 And, little less than Angel, would be more;
 Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears 175
 To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
 Made for his use all creatures if he call,
 Say what their use, had he the powers of all?
 Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
 The proper organs, proper powers assign'd; 180
 Each seeming want compensated of course,
 Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force;
 All in exact proportion to the state;
 Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.

Each beast, each insect, happy in its own: 185
 Is Heaven unkind to Man, and Man alone?
 Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
 Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all?

The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)
 Is not to act or think beyond mankind; 190
 No powers of body or of soul to share,
 But what his nature and his state can bear.
 Why has not Man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly.
 Say what the use, were finer optics given, 195
 T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at every pore?
 Or quick effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain? 200
 If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
 The whispering Zephyr, and the purling rill!
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205
 Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

VII. Far as Creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
 Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass: 210
 What modes of fight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam;
 Of smell, the headlong lions between,
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green;

Of

Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood !
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line :
 In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew ! 220
 How Instinct varies in the groveling swine,
 Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine !
 'Twixt that, and Reason, what a nice barrier !
 For ever separate, yet for ever near !
 Remembrance and Reflection how allied ; 225
 What thin partitions Sense from Thought divide !
 And Middle natures, how they long to join,
 Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
 Without this just gradation, could they be
 Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ? 230
 The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
 Is not thy Reason all these powers in one ?

VIII. See, through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
 All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

Above, how high, progressive life may go ! 235
 Around, how wide ! how deep extend below !
 Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
 Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
 Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
 No glass can reach ; from Infinite to thee, 240

VARIATION.

Ver. 238, Ed. 1st.

Ethereal essence, spirit, substance, man.

From thee to Nothing.—On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full Creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale 's destroy'd:
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike, 245
 Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
 Alike essential to th' amazing Whole,
 The least confusion but in one, not all
 That system only, but the Whole must fall. 250
 Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
 Planets and Suns run lawless through the sky;
 Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
 Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
 Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod, 255
 And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
 All this dread Order break—for whom? for thee?
 Vile worm!—oh Madness! Pride! Impiety!

IX. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
 Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head? 260
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
 To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another, in this general frame:
 Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains 265
 The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;
 That, chang'd through all, and yet in all the same;
 Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame; 270

Warms

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent;
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part, 275
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
 As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all. 280

X. Cease then, nor Order Imperfection name:
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit.—In this, or any other sphere, 285
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
 All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee;
 All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see; 290
 All Discord, Harmony not understood;
 All partial Evil, universal Good.
 And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

 VARIATION.

After ver. 282, in the MS.

Reason, to think of G^d, when she pretends,
 Begins a Censor, an Adorer ends.

ARGUMENT OF E P I S T L E II.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to
Himself, as an Individual.

I. THE business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His Middle Nature: his Powers and Frailties, ver. 1 to 19. The Limits of his Capacity, ver. 19, &c. II. The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, ver. 53, &c. Self-love the stronger, and why, ver. 67, &c. Their end the same, ver. 81, &c. III. The Passions, and their use, ver. 93 to 130. The Predominant Passion, and its force, ver. 132 to 160. Its Necessity, in directing Men to different purposes, ver. 165, &c. Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue, ver. 177. IV. Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the Office of Reason, ver. 202 to 216. V. How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, ver. 217. VI. That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections, ver. 238, &c. How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men, ver. 241. How useful they are to Society, ver. 251. And to Individuals, ver. 263. In every state, and every age of life, ver. 273, &c.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E . II.

I. **K** NOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of Mankind is Man.

Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side, 5
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer;
Born but to die, and reasoning but to err; 10
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little, or too much:
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd;
Created half to rise, and half to fall; 15
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Go, wondrous creature! mount where Science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
Instruct

V A R I A T I O N S .

Ver. 2. Ed. 1st.

The only science of Mankind is Man.

After ver. 18, in the MS.

For more perfection than this state can bear
In vain we sigh, Heaven made us as we are.
As wisely sure a modest Ape might aim
To be like Man, whose faculties and frame

He

Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun;
 Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!

Superior beings, when of late they saw
 A mortal Man unfold all Nature's Law,
 Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
 And shew'd a Newton as we shew an Ape.

VARIATIONS.

He sees, he feels, as you or I to be
 An Angel thing we neither knew nor see.
 Observe how near he edges on our race;
 What human tricks! how risible of face!
 It must be so—why else have I the sense
 Of more than monkey charms and excellence?
 Why else to walk on two so oft essay'd?
 And why this ardent longing for a maid?
 So Pug might plead, and call his Gods unkind
 Till set on end, and married to his mind.
 Go, reasoning Thing! assume the Doctor's chair,
 As Plato deep, as Seneca severe:
 Fix moral fitness, and to God give rule,
 Then drop into thyself, &c.

Ver. 21, Edit. 4th and 5th.

Shew by what rules the wandering planets stray,
 Correct old Time, and teach the Sun his Way.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind? 35

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,

Explain his own beginning or his end?

25 Alas, what wonder! Man's superior part

Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40

But when his own great work is but begun,

What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide;

30 First strip off all her equipage of Pride;

Deduct what is but Vanity or Dress, 45

Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness;

Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,

Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;

Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts

Of all our Vices have created Arts; 50

Then see how little the remaining sum,

Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!

II. Two Principles in human nature reign;

Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain;

Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call, 55

Each works its end, to move or govern all:

And to their proper operation still,

Ascribe all Good, to their improper, III.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul;

Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60

VARIATION.

Ver. 35, Ed. 1st.

Could he, who taught each Planet where to roll,

Describe or fix one movement of the Soul?

Who mark'd their points, to rise or to descend,

Explain his own beginning, or his end? Man,

Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end:
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie:
 'That sees immediate good by present sense;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The Action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
 Attention, habit, and experience gains;
 Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite;
 And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
 With all the rash dexterity of wit.
 Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
 Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.

VARIATION.

After ver 86, in the MS.

Of good and evil Gods what frightened Fools,
 Of good and evil Reason puzzled Schools,
 Deceiv'd, deceiving, taught—

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire,
 Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire;
 But greedy That, its object would devour,
 This taste the honey, and not wound the flower:
 65 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
 Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

III. Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call;

'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all:

But since not every good we can divide, 95

70 And Reason bids us for our own provide;

Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,

Lift under Reason, and deserve her care;

Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,

Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name. 100

75 In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast

Their Virtue fix'd; 'tis fix'd as in a frost;

Contracted all, retiring to the breast;

But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest:

The rising tempest puts in act the soul; 105

80 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,

Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;

Nor God alone in the still calm we find,

He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

VARIATION.

After ver. 108, in the MS.

A tedious Voyage! where how useless lies

The compass, if no powerful gusts arise!

Passions,

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
 Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
 These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
 But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
 Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 115
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train;
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain;
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind; 120
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands and eyes;
 And, when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
 Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
 On different senses, different objects strike:
 Hence different Passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame; 130
 And hence one master Passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death;

VARIATION.

After ver. 112, in the MS.

The soft reward the virtuous, or invite;
 The fierce, the vicious punish or affright.

The young disease, which must subdue at length, 135
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength;
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,

The Mind's disease, its ruling Passion came;

Each vital humour, which should feed the whole,

Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: 140

Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,

As the mind opens, and its functions spread,

Imagination plies her dangerous art,

And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;

145

Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse;

Reason itself but gives it edge and power;

As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway,

In this weak queen, some favourite still obey: 150

Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,

What can she more than tell us we are fools?

Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend;

A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!

Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade

155

The choice we make, or justify it made;

Proud of an easy conquest all along,

She but removes weak passions for the strong:

So, when small humours gather to a gout,

The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out. 160

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd;

Reason is here no guide, but still a guard:

'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,

And treat this passion more as friend than foe;

A mightier

A mightier Power the strong direction sends, 165
 And several Men impels to several ends :
 Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease; 176
 Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

'Th' Eternal Art, educing good from ill, 175
 Grafts on this Passion our best principle :
 'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And in one interest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
 The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,
 Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear 185
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
 Ev'n avarice, prudence; sloth, philosophy;
 Lust, through some certain strainers well refin'd,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind; 190
 Envy, to which th' ignoble mind 's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave;

Nor

Vo

Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride) 195

The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:

Reason the byas turns to good from ill,

And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.

The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,

In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine: 200

The same ambition can destroy or save,

And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,

What shall divide? The God within the mind.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 194, in the MS.

How oft, with Passion, Virtue points her Charms!

Then shines the Hero, then the Patriot warms.

Peleus' great Son, or Brutus, who had known,

Had Lucrece been a Whore, or Helen none?

But Virtues opposite to make agree,

That, Reason! is thy task, and worthy Thee.

Hard task, cries Bibulus, and Reason weak.

—Make it a point, dear Marquess, or a pique.

Once, for a whim, persuade yourself to pay

A debt to reason, like a debt at play.

For right, or wrong, have mortals suffer'd more?

B—— for his Prince, or * * for his Whore?

Whose self-denials nature most controul?

His, who would save a Sixpence, or his Soul?

Web for his health, a Chartreux for his Sin,

Contend they not which soonest shall grow thin?

What we resolve, we can: but here's the fault,

We ne'er resolve to do the thing we ought.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce, 205
 In man they join to some mysterious use;
 Though each by turns the other's bound invade,
 As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
 Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice. 210

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
 That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white?
 Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain; 215
 'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace. 220
 But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
 Ask where 's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree, 225
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:

Ev'n

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 220, in the first Edition followed these:

A Cheat! A Whore! who starts not at the name,
 In all the Inns of Court or Drury-lane?

After ver. 226, in the MS.

The Colonel swears the Agent is a dog;
 The Scrivener vows th' Attorney is a rogue.

Against

Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious every Man must be,
 Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree;
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill; 235

For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a several goal;
 But Heaven's great view, is One, and that the Whole.
 That counter-works each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th' effect of every vice: 240

That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd;
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride;
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief;
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
 That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise, 245

Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250

VARIATIONS.

Against the Thief th' Attorney loud inveighs,
 For whose ten pounds the County twenty pays.
 The Thief damns Judges, and the Knaves of State;
 And dying, mourns small Villains hang'd by great.

Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common interest, or endear the tie.
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere, 255
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign;
 Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or self,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;
 The rich is happy in the plenty given, 265
 The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the poet in his Muse. 270

See some strange comfort every state attend,
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
 See some fit passion every age supply;
 Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law, 275
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite:
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age: 280
 Pleas'd

Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er.
Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285
And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy;
One prospect lost, another still we gain;
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain; 290
Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others wants by thine.
See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
'Tis this, Though Man's a fool, yet GOD IS WISE.

ARGUMENT OF
E P I S T L E III.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
to Society.

- I. THE whole Universe one system of Society, ver. 7, &c. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, ver. 27. The happiness of Animals mutual, ver. 49. II. Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each Individual, ver. 79. Reason or Instinct operate also to Society in all animals, ver. 109. III. How far Society carried by Instinct, ver. 115. How much farther by Reason, ver. 128. IV. Of that which is called the State of Nature, ver. 144. Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts, ver. 166. and in the Forms of Society, ver. 176. V. Origin of Political Societies, ver. 196. Origin of Monarchy, ver. 207. Patriarchal Government, ver. 212. VI. Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love, ver. 231, &c. Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear, ver. 237, &c. The Influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good, ver. 266. Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle, ver. 285. Mixed Government, ver. 288. Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, ver. 300, &c.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E III.

HERE then we rest; "the Universal Cause
 "Acts to one end, but acts by various laws."

In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day; 5
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of Love
 Combining all below, and all above.
 See plastic Nature working to this end,
 The single atoms each to other tend, 10
 Attract, attracted to, the next in place
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
 See matter next, with various life endued,
 Press to one centre still, the General Good.
 See dying vegetables life sustain, 15
 See life dissolving vegetate again:
 All forms that perish other forms supply,
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return. 20
 Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;

V A R I A T I O N .

Ver. 1. In several Edit. in 4to.

Learn, Dulness, learn! "The Universal Cause, &c.

E 4

All

All serv'd, all serving: nothing stands alone; 25
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food!
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn: 30
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride, 35
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the feed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer: 40
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!" 45
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason He must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

VARIATION.

After ver. 46, in the former Editions,

What care to tend, to lodge, to cram, to treat him!
All this he knew; but not that 'twas to eat him.
As far as Goose could judge, he reason'd right;
But as to Man, mistook the matter quite.

25 Grant that the powerful still the weak controul;
 Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole : 50
 Nature that Tyrant checks; he only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 30 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings? 55
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?
 Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods:
 35 For some his interest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride : 60
 All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
 40 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast, 65
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
 Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before;
 45 Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er! 70
 To each unthinking being, Heaven a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
 To Man imparts it; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear, 75
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle! that Heaven assign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

II. Whether

II. Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best; 80
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full Instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best, 85
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays till we call, and then not often near;
 But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
 While still too wide or short is human Wit; 90
 Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
 This too serves always, Reason never long:
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing powers 95
 One in their nature, which are two in ours!
 And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to chuse their food? 100
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?

 VARIATION.

After ver. 84, in the MS.

While Man, with opening views of various ways
 Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
 Too weak to chuse, yet chusing still in haste,
 One moment gives the pleasure and distaste.

Who

Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore 105
 Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day?
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

III. God, in the nature of each being, founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110

But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,
 On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness :
 So from the first, eternal ORDER ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.

Whate'er of life all-quickenning æther keeps, 115
 Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.

Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
 Each sex desires alike, till two are one.

Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
 They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend, 125
 The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend ;

The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds, another race. 130

A longer care Man's helpless kind demands;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands:

Reflection,

Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the interest, and the love :
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ; 135
 Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn ;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These natural love maintain'd, habitual those : 140
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Memory and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd, 145
 Still spread the interest, and preserve the kind.

IV. Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly trod ;
 The State of Nature was the reign of God :
 Self-love and Social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of all things, and of Man. 150
 Pride then was not ; nor Arts, that Pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood, 155
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
 Heaven's Attribute was Universal Care,
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare. 160
 Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;

Who,

Who, foe to Nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.

But just disease to luxury succeeds, 165

And every death its own avenger breeds ;
The Fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man, a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from Nature rising slow to Art!

To copy instinct then was reason's part: 170

Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—

“ Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take :

“ Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield;

“ Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;

“ Thy arts of building from the bee receive; 175

“ Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave;

“ Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,

“ Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

“ Here too all forms of social union find,

“ And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind: 180

“ Here subterranean works and cities see;

“ There towns ærial on the waving tree.

“ Learn each small People's genius, policies,

“ The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;

“ How those in common all their wealth bestow, 185

“ And Anarchy without confusion know;

“ And these for ever, though a Monarch reign,

“ Their separate cells and properties maintain.

“ Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,

“ Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate. 190

“ In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,

“ Entangle Justice in her net of Law,

“ And

" And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
 " Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 " Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway, 195
 " Thus let the wiser make the rest obey :
 " And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,
 " Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd."

V. Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;
 Cities were built, Societies were made: 200
 Here rose one little state; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd, through love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend?
 What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow; 205
 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
 Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
 When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.

 VARIATIONS.

Ver. 197, in the first Editions,

Who for those Arts they learn'd of brutes before,
 As Kings shall crown them, or as Gods adore.

Ver. 201. Here rose one little state, &c.] In the MS. thus:

The neighbours leagu'd to guard their common spot;
 And Love was Nature's dictate; Murder, not.
 For want alone each animal contends;
 Tigers with Tigers, that remov'd, are friends.
 Plain Nature's wants the common mother crown'd,
 She pour'd her acorns, herbs, and streams around.
 No Treasure then for rapine to invade,
 What need to fight for sun-shine or for shade?
 And half the cause of contest was remov'd,
 When beauty could be kind to all who lov'd.

Thus

Thus states were form'd; the name of King unknown,
Till common interest plac'd the sway in one. 210

'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a fire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

VI. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate,
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state :
On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.

He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220
Draw forth the monsters of th' abyfs profound,
Or fetch th' aërial eagle to the ground.

Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man :
Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd 225
One great First Father, and that first ador'd.

Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one : 230

Ere Wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.

LOVE all the faith, and all th' allegiance then; 235
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A sovereign being, but a sovereign good.

True

True faith, true policy, united ran ;
That was but love of God, and this of Man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cause ?
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law ;
Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conquerors, Slaves of Subjects made :
She 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground, 250

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Power unseen, and mightier far than they :
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ; 255
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods ;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust ;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
Then first the Flamen tasted living food ; 265
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;

With

With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.

So drives Self-love, through just, and through unjust,
To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust: 270

The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws.

For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?

How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, 275
A weaker may surprize, a stronger take?

His safety must his liberty restrain:

All join to guard what each desires to gain.

Forc'd into virtue thus, by Self-defence,

Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence: 280

Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,

And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or generous mind,

Follower of God, or friend of human kind,

Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore 285

The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;

Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;

If not God's Image, yet his shadow drew:

Taught Power's due use to People and to Kings,

Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings, 290

The less, or greater, set so justly true,

That touching one must strike the other too;

Till jarring interests of themselves create

Th' according music of a well-mix'd State.

Such is the world's great harmony, that springs 295

From Order, Union, full Consent of things:

Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
 More powerful each as needful to the rest,
 And, in proportion as it blesses, blest; 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools contest;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
 For Modes of Faith, let graceless zealots fight; 305
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
 In Faith and Hope the world will disagree,
 But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
 All must be false that thwarts this One great End;
 And all of God, that bless Mankind, or mend. 310
 Man, like the generous vine, supported lives:
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own Axis as the Planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
 So two consistent motions act the Soul; 315
 And one regards Itself, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the general frame,
 And bade Self-love and Social be the same.

ARGUMENT OF
E P I S T L E IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect
to Happiness.

I. FALSE Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from ver. 19 to 77. II. It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all, ver. 30. God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular Laws, ver. 37. As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, ver. 51. But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear, ver 70. III. What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the Good Man has here the advantage, ver. 77. The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature, or of Fortune, ver. 94. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars, ver. 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that, whoever they are, they must be happiest, ver. 133, &c. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent

F 2

with,

with, or destructive of Virtue, ver. 167. That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Instanced in Riches, ver. 185. Honours, ver. 193. Nobility, ver. 205. Greatness, ver. 217. Fame, ver. 237. Superior Talents, ver. 257, &c. With pictures of human infelicity in Men, possessed of them all, ver. 269, &c. VII. That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, ver. 307. That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the ORDER of PROVIDENCE here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter, ver. 326, &c.

E P I S T L E IV.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
 Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
 That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise:
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
 Fair opening to some Court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine? 10
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows? where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere, 15
 'Tis no where to be found, or every where:
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, St. JOHN! dwells with thee.
 Ask of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind:
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind; 20

V A R I A T I O N .

Ver. 1. Oh Happiness, &c.] in the MS. thus:

Oh Happiness, to which we all aspire,
 Wing'd with strong hope, and borne by full desire;
 That ease, for which in want, in wealth we sigh;
 That ease, for which we labour, and we die.

Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these:
 Some, sunk to Beasts, find Pleasure end in Pain;
 Some, swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain;
 Or, indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less,
 Than this, that Happiness is Happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
 There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
 And, mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease.

Remember, Man, "the Universal Cause
 "Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
 And makes what Happiness we justly call,
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There 's not a blessing Individuals find,
 But some-way leans and hearkens to the kind:
 No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd:
 Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ORDER is Heaven's first Law; and this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,

More

More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.

Heaven to Mankind impartial we confess,

If all are equal in their Happiness:

But mutual wants this Happiness increase; 55

All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.

Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;

Bliss is the same in subject or in king,

In who obtain defence, or who defend,

In him who is, or him who finds a friend: 60

Heaven breathes through every member of the whole

One common blessing, as one common soul.

But Fortune's gifts if each alike possess,

And each were equal, must not all contest?

If then to all Men Happiness was meant, 65

God in Externals could not place Content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,

And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 52, in the MS. 1

Say not, "Heaven's here profuse, there poorly saves,

"And for one Monarch makes a thousand slaves."

You'll find, when Causes and their Ends are known,

'Twas for the thousand Heaven has made that one.

After ver. 66, in the MS. 45

'Tis peace of mind alone is at a stay:

The rest mad Fortune gives or takes away.

All other bliss by accident's debarr'd;

But Virtue's, in the instant, a reward;

In hardest trials operates the best,

And more is relish'd as the more distress.

But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear: 70
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
 But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?
 Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys, 75
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence. 80
 But Health consists with Temperance alone;
 And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain;
 But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
 Say, in pursuit of profit or delight, 85
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
 Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
 Count all th' advantage prosperous Vice attains,
 'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains: 90
 And grant the bad what happiness they would,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
 Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best, 95
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.

VARIATION.

After ver. 92, in the MS.

Let sober Moralists correct their speech,
 No bad man's happy; he is great, or rich.

But

But fools, the Good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.
 See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust! 100
 See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
 Was this their Virtue, or contempt of Life?
 Say, was it Virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
 Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
 Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire, 105
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me? 110
 What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates Nature, and here wanders will.
 God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
 Or partial Ill is universal Good,
 Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall, 115
 Short, and but rare, till Man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease. 120
 Think we, like some weak Prince, th' Eternal Cause
 Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?

VARIATION.

After ver. 116, in the MS.

Of every evil, since the world began,
 The real source is not in God, but man.

Shall

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
 On air or sea new motions be imprest, 125
 Oh blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For *Chartres*' head reserve the hanging wall? 130
 But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have?
 A kingdom of the Just then let it be:
 But first consider how those Just agree.
 The good must merit God's peculiar care; 135
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
 One thinks on *Calvin* Heaven's own Spirit fell;
 Another deems him instrument of hell;
 If *Calvin* feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140
 What shocks one part, will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine.
 WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for *Cæsar*—but for *Titus* too;

VARIATION.

After ver. 142, in some Editions,

Give each a System, all must be at strife;
 What different Systems for a man and wife!

The joke, though lively, was ill placed, and therefore struck out of the text.

And

And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,
Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

“ But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed.”

What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread? 150

That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;

The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;

The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,

Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent; 155

Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.

But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?

“ No—shall the good want Health, the good want

“ Power?”

Add Health and Power, and every earthly thing,

“ Why bounded Power? why private? why no king?”

Nay, why external for internal given?

Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heaven?

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive

God gives enough, while he has more to give;

Immense the power, immense were the demand; 165

Say, at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,

The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is Virtue's prize: A better would you fix?

Then give Humility a coach and fix, 170

Justice a Conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,

Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.

VARIATION.

After ver. 172, in the MS.

Say, what rewards this idle world imparts,

Or fit for searching heads or honest hearts.

Weak

Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The Boy and Man an individual makes, 175
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind. 180
 Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust, 185
 Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?
 Judges and Senates have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and Love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind, 190
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
 Honour and shame from no Condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in Men has some small difference made, 195
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!"
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool. 200
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,

Worth

Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great. 210
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards? 215
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on Greatness; say where Greatness lies:
"Where, but among the Heroes and the Wife?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede; 220
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.

VARIATION.

Ver. 207. Boast the pure blood, &c.] In the MS. thus:

The richest blood, right-honourably old,
Down from Lucretia to Lucretia roll'd,
May swell thy heart and gallop in thy breast,
Without one dash of usher or of priest:
Thy pride as much despise all other pride,
As Christ-Church once all colleges beside.

No

No less alike the Politic and Wise: 225
 All fly flow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great: 230
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed 235
 Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed.

What 's Fame? a fancy'd life in others' breath,
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have; and what 's unknown,
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
 Alike or when, or where they shone, or shine, 245
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A Wit 's a feather, and a Chief a rod;
 An honest Man 's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As Justice tears his body from the grave; 250
 When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:

One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs 255
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In Parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise? 260
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;
 To see all others faults, and feel our own:
 Condemn'd in business or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge:
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 265
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful preheminance! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount: 270
 How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How much for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease:
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275
 Say, wouldst thou be the Man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy.
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life;
 Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife. 280
 If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!

If

If all, united, thy ambition call, 285
 From ancient story, learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of Happiness complete!
 In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
 How happy! those to ruin, these betray. 290
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 O! wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame! 300
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray, 305
 Compute the morn and evening to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
 Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)
 "Virtue alone is Happiness below." 310
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only Merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;

85 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain, 315
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, though e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 290 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears: 320
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 295 Never dejected, while another's blest;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain, 325
 Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 300 The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find; 350
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God;
 Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
 305 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine;

VARIATION.

After ver. 316, in the MS.

Ev'n while it seems unequal to dispose,
 And chequers all the good Man's joys with woes,
 'Tis but to teach him to support each state,
 With patience this, with moderation that;
 And raise his base on that one solid joy,
 Which conscience gives, and nothing can destroy.

Sees, that no Being any blifs can know, 335
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns from this union of the rising Whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
 All end, in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN. 340
 For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the blifs that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone 345
 Hope of known blifs, and Faith in blifs unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest Virtue with his greatest Blifs; 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart? 355
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part;
 Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
 In one close system of Benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of Blifs but height of Charity. 360

God loves from Whole to Parts: but human soul
 Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;

35 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, 365
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next; and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 40 Take every creature in, of every kind; 370
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my Friend! my Genius! come along;
 Oh master of the poet, and the song!
 345 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends, 375
 To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various Nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer,
 350 From grave to gay, from lively to severe; 380
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame;

VARIATION.

Ver. 373. Come then, my Friend! &c.] In the MS. thus:

360 And now transported o'er so vast a plain,
 While the wing'd courser flies with all her rein,
 While heaven-ward now her mounting wing she feels,
 Now scatter'd fools fly trembling from her heels,
 Wilt thou, my St. John! keep her course in sight,
 Confine her fury, and assist her flight?

Say, shall my little bark attendant fail, 385
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend? 390
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light;
 Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
 That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim; 395
 That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same;
 That VIRTUE only makes our blifs below;
 And all our knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW.

VARIATION.

Ver. 397. That Virtue only, &c.] In the MS. thus:
 That just to find a God is all we can,
 And all the Study of Mankind is Man.

THE
UNIVERSAL
PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

IT may be proper to observe, that some passages, in the preceding Essay, having been unjustly suspected of a tendency towards Fate and Naturalism, the author compos'd this Prayer as the sum of all, to shew that his system was founded in free-will, and terminated in piety: That the first cause was as well the Lord and Governor of the Universe as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughout the Essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be carried along by a blind determination, but the resting in a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of Hope and Immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the poet chose for his model the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, best deserves the title prefixed to this Paraphrase.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

D E O O P T. M A X.

FATHER of All! in every Age,
 In every Clime ador'd,
 By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood;
 Who all my Sense confin'd
 To know but this, that Thou art Good,
 And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,
 To see the Good from Ill;
 And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
 Left free the Human Will:

What Conscience dictates to be done,
 Or warns me not to do,
 This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
 That, more than Heaven pursue.

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
 Let me not cast away;
 For God is paid when Man receives,
 T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
 Thy Goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
 When thousand Worlds are round:

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish Pride,
Or impious Discontent,
At aught thy Wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy Goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath;
O lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Through this day's Life or Death.

This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All else beneath the Sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy Will be done.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
One Chorus let all Being raise!
All Nature's Incense rise!

M O R A L E S S A Y S,
I N
F O U R E P I S T L E S
T O
S E V E R A L P E R S O N S.

“ Est brevitæ opus, ut currat sententia, neu se

“ Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures :

“ Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocosæ,

“ Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ,

“ Interdum urbani, parentis viribus, atque

“ Extenuantis eas consultò.”

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE ESSAY ON MAN was intended to have been comprised in four Books:

The First of which, the Author has given us under that title, in four Epistles.

The Second was to have consisted of the same number: 1. Of the extent and limits of human Reason. 2. Of those Arts and Sciences, and of the parts of them, which are useful, and therefore attainable, together with those which are unuseful, and therefore unattainable. 3. Of the Nature, Ends, Use, and Application of the different Capacities of Men. 4. Of the Use of Learning, of the Science of the World, and of Wit; concluding with a Satire against a Misapplication of them, illustrated by Pictures, Characters, and Examples.

The Third Book regarded Civil Regimen, or the Science of Politics, in which the several forms of a Republic were to be examined and explained; together with the several Modes of Religious Worship, as far forth as they affect Society; between which the Author always supposed there was the most interesting relation and closest connexion; so that this part would have treated of Civil and Religious Society in their full extent.

The Fourth and last Book concerned private Ethics, or practical Morality, considered in all the Circumstances, Orders, Professions, and Stations of human Life.

The Scheme of all this had been maturely digested, and communicated to L. Bolingbroke, Dr. Swift, and one or two more, and was intended for the only work of his riper Years; but was, partly through ill health, partly through discouragements from the depravity of the times, and partly on prudential and other considerations, interrupted, postponed, and, lastly, in a manner laid aside.

But

But as this was the Author's favourite Work, which more exactly reflected the Image of his strong capacious Mind, and as we can have but a very imperfect idea of it from the 'disjecta membra Poetæ,' that now remain, it may not be amiss to be a little more particular concerning each of these projected books.

The **FIRST**, as it treats of Man in the abstract, and considers him in general under every of his relations, becomes the foundation, and furnishes out the subjects, of the three following; so that

The **SECOND** Book was to take up again the First and Second Epistles of the First Book, and treats of Man in his intellectual Capacity at large, as has been explained above. Of this only a small part of the conclusion (which, as we said, was to have contained a Satire against the misapplication of Wit and Learning) may be found in the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, and up and down, occasionally, in the other three.

The **THIRD** Book, in like manner, was to re-assume the subject of the Third Epistle of the First, which treats of Man in his Social, Political, and Religious Capacity. But this part the Poet afterwards conceived might be best executed in an **EPIC POEM**, as the Action would make it more animated, and the Fable less invidious; in which all the great Principles of true and false Governments and Religions should be chiefly delivered in feigned Examples.

The **FOURTH** and last Book was to pursue the subject of the Fourth Epistle of the First, and treats of Ethics, or practical Morality; and would have consisted of many members; of which the four following Epistles were detached Portions: the two first, on the Characters of Men and Women, being the introductory part of this concluding Book.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E I.

T O

Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Knowledge and Characters of MEN.

- I. THAT it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract: Books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own Experience singly, ver. 1. General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, ver. 10. Some peculiarity in every Man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself, ver. 15. Difficulties arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, &c. ver. 31. The shortness of Life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of action in men to observe by, ver. 37. &c. Our own Principle of action often hid from ourselves, ver. 41. Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, ver. 51. The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, ver. 71. Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, ver. 70, &c. Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, ver. 95. No judging of the
Motives

Motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions, ver. 100. II. Yet, to form Characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy, ver. 120. Characters given according to the rank of men of the world, ver. 135. And some reason for it, ver. 140. Education alters the Nature, or at least Character, of many, ver. 149. Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles, all subject to change. No judging by Nature, from ver. 158. to ver. 178. III. It only remains to find (if we can) his **RULING PASSION**: That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, ver. 175. Instanced in the extraordinary Character of Clodio, ver. 179. A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, ver. 210. Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, ver. 222, &c.

E P I S T L E I.

YES, you despise the man to Books confin'd,
 Who from his study rails at human-kind;
 Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5
 That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave,
 Though many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no Philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as Books, too much. 10
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th' Observer's sake;
 To written Wisdom, as another's, less:
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, these from Guefs.
 There 's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain, 15
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein:
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss.

That each from other differs, first confess;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less; 20
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
 And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?
 On human actions reason though you can, 25
 It may be Reason, but it is not Man:

His

His Principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his Principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

30

Yet more; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing, as the objects seen.
All Manners take a tincture from our own;
Or come discolour'd through our Passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

35

Nor will Life's stream for observation stay,
It hurries all too fast to mark their way:
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft, in the Passion's wild rotation tost,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost:
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides and fancy sports in sleep,
(Though past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought:
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

45

50

True, some are open, and to all men known;
Others, so very close, they're hid from none;
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.

55

At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
 All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves;
 When universal homage Umbra pays,
 All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise. 60
 When Flattery glares, all hate it in a Queen,
 While one there is who charms us with his Spleen.

But these plain Characters we rarely find:
 Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind:
 Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole; 65
 Or Affectations quite reverse the soul.
 The Dull, flat Falsehood serves, for policy;
 And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a lie:
 Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wife;
 The Fool lies hid in inconsistencies. 70

See the same man, in vigour, in the gout;
 Alone, in company; in place, or out;
 Early at Business, and at Hazard late;
 Mad at a Fox-chase, wise at a Debate;
 Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball; 75
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,
 Eats just at dinner——then prefers, no doubt,
 A Rogue with Venison to a Saint without. 80

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head! all Interests weigh'd,
 All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
 He thanks you not, his Pride is in Picquette, 85
 Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a Bett.

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What made (say, Montagne, or more sage Charron?)
 Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?
 A perjur'd Prince a leaden saint revere,
 A godless Regent tremble at a Star?
 The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,
 Faithless through Piety, and dup'd through Wit?
 Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,
 And just her wisest monarch made a fool?

Know, God and Nature only are the same:
 In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game;
 A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,
 Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
 Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,
 Infer the Motive from the Deed, and shew,
 That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
 Behold if Fortune or a Mistress frowns,
 Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns:
 To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
 This quits an Empire, that embroils a State:
 The same adust complexion has impell'd
 Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field.

Not always Actions shew the man: we find
 Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind:

VARIATION.

After ver. 86. in the former Editions,

Triumphant leaders at an army's head,
 Hemm'd round with glories, pilfer cloth or bread;
 As meanly plunder as they bravely fought,
 Now save a people, and now save a groat.

Perhaps

Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,
 Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the East:
 Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
 Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great:
 Who combats bravely is not therefore brave, 115
 He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave:
 Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,
 His pride in Reasoning, not in Acting, lies.
 But grant that actions best discover man;
 Take the most strong, and sort them as you can. 120
 The few that glare, each character must mark,
 You balance not the many in the dark.
 What will you do with such as disagree?
 Suppress them, or miscall them policy?
 Must then at once (the character to save) 125
 The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?
 Alas! in truth the man but chang'd his mind,
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
 Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?
 Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat. 130

VARIATION.

Ver. 129, in the former Editions:

Ask why from Britain Cæsar made retreat?
 Cæsar himself would tell you he was beat.
 The mighty Czar what mov'd to wed a Punk?
 The mighty Czar would tell you he was drunk.

Altered as above, because Cæsar wrote his Commentaries of
 this war, and does not tell you he was beat. As Cæsar too
 afforded an instance of both cases, it was thought better to make
 him the single example.

Why risk the World's great empire for a Punk?
 Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
 But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove
 One action Conduct; one, heroic Love.

'Tis from high Life high characters are drawn: 135
 A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn;
 A Judge is just, a Chancellor juster still;
 A Gownman, learn'd; a Bishop, what you will;
 Wise, if a Minister; but, if a King,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every thing.
 Court-Virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,
 Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate:
 In life's low vale, the foil the Virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Though the same sun with all-diffusive rays 145
 Blush in the Rose, and in the Diamond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his power,
 And justly set the Gem above the Flower.

'Tis Education forms the common mind;
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree 's inclin'd. 150
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'Squire;
 The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a liar;
 Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold and brave;
 Will sneaks a Scrivener, an exceeding knave:
 Is he a Churchman? then he 's fond of power: 155 }
 A Quaker? fly: A Presbyterian? four: }
 A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour. }

Ask men's Opinions: Scoto now shall tell
 How Trade increases, and the world goes well;

Strike

Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun, . 160
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid, silent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd. 165

Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides:
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range: 170
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times.

Search then the Ruling Passion: There, alone,
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known; 175
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere;
Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here.

This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days, 180

Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise:
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wife,
Women and Fools must like him, or he dies:

Though wondering Senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him master of the joke. 185

Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?

He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.

Then turns repentant, and his God adores

With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;

Enough if all around him but admire,
 And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
 Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
 And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
 Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
 And most contemptible, to shun contempt;
 His Passion still, to covet general praise;
 His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
 A constant Bounty, which no friend has made;
 An Angel Tongue, which no man can persuade;
 A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,
 Too rash for Thought, for Action too refin'd:
 A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
 A Rebel to the very king he loves;
 He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
 And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.
 Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule?
 'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
 Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake,
 If second qualities for first they take.
 When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
 When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
 In this the Lust, in that the Avarice,
 Were means, not ends; Ambition was the vice.

VARIATION.

In the former Editions, ver. 208.

Nature well known, no Miracles remain.

Altered, as above, for very obvious reasons.

That

That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd like him, by Chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.

In vain th' observer eyes the builder's toil, 220
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand. 225

Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out, 230
As sober Laneborow dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend fire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unblest'd: 235
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul! 240
Is there no hope?—Alas!—then bring the jowl."

The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires. 245

" Odious! in woollen! 'twould a faint provoke,
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)

" No, let a charming Chintz, and Bruffels lace,

" Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:

" One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—

" And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red."

The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd
An humble servant to all human-kind,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,

" If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir!" 255

" I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) " my lands and tenements to Ned."

Your money, Sir?—" My money, Sir! what all?

" Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul."

The manor, Sir?—" The manor! hold, he cry'd. 260

" Not that,—I cannot part with that"—and dy'd.

And you! brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:

Such in those moments as in all the past,

" Oh, save my Country, Heaven!" shall be your last.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E II.

T O A L A D Y.

Of the Characters of W O M E N.

THERE is nothing in Mr. Pope's works more highly finished than this Epistle: Yet its success was in no proportion to the pains he took in composing it. Something he chanced to drop in a short advertisement prefixed to it, on its first publication, may perhaps account for the small attention given to it. He said that no one character in it was drawn from the life. The public believed him on his word, and expressed little curiosity about a Satire, in which there was nothing personal.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 " Most Women have no Characters at all."

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one Nymph we view, 5
 All how unlike each other, all how true!

Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side.

Here Fannia, leering on her own good man,
 And there, a naked Leda with a Swan. 10

Let

Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalene's loose hair, and lifted eye,
 Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simpering Angels, Palms, and Harps divine;
 Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15
 If Folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare!
 Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air;
 Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute. 20

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock;
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task, 25
 With Sappho fragrant at an evening Mask:
 So morning Insects, that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
 The frail-one's advocate, the weak-one's friend. 30
 To her Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
 But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose, 35
 All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a Park!"
 A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees
 All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious Trees!" 40
 Ladies,

Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show,
 'Tis to their Changes half their charms we owe;
 Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
 Their happy Spots the nice admirer take.

'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
 Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd;
 Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her Eyes,
 Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than Wise;
 Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
 Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
 As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
 To make a wash, would hardly stew a child;
 Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's prayer,
 And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare;
 Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim;
 And made a Widow happy, for a whim.

Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn,
 When 'tis by that alone she can be born?

Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
 A fool to Pleasure, yet a slave to fame:

Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
 Now drinking Citron with his Grace and Chartres;
 Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns;
 And Atheism and Religion take their turns;

A very Heathen in the carnal part,
 Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in State, majestically drunk,
 Proud as a Peerefs, prouder as a Punk;

70
 Chaste

Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside,
 A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride.
 What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault,
 Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought:
 Such this day's doctrine—in another fit 75
 She sins with Poets through pure love of Wit.
 What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain?
 Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlemagne.
 As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,
 'The Nose of Haut-gout, and the Tip of Taste, 80
 Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat:
 So Philomedé, lecturing all mankind
 On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd,
 Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once, 85
 And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce.

Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to pray;
 To toast our wants and wishes, is her way;
 Nor asks of God, but of her Stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live." 90
 Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
 A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind.
 Wise Wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please; 95
 With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease;

VARIATION.

Ver. 77. What has not fir'd, &c.] In the MS.
 In whose mad brain the mix'd ideas roll,
 Of Tall-boy's breeches, and of Cæsar's soul.

With

With too much Quickness ever to be taught;
 With too much Thinking to have common Thought:
 You purchase pain with all that Joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a Rage to live. 100

Turn then from Wits; and look on Simo's Mate,
 No Afs so meek, no Afs so obstinate.
 Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,
 Because she 's honest, and the best of Friends.
 Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share, 105
 For ever in a Passion, or a Prayer.

Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)
 Cries, " Ah! how charming, if there 's no such place!"
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears, 110
 The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,
 To kill those foes to Fair-ones, Time and Thought.
 Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit;
 For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind? 115
 Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind!
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
 Shines, in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools,
 Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules. 120

No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.

 V A R I A T I O N .

After ver. 122, in the MS.

Oppress'd with wealth and wit, abundance sad!
 One makes her poor, the other makes her mad.

FuH

Full sixty years the World has been her Trade,
 The wisest Fool much Time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125
 No Passion gratify'd, except her Rage,
 So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit,
 The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell,
 But he 's a bolder man who dares be well. 130
 Her every turn with Violence pursued,
 Nor more a storm her Hate than Gratitude:
 To that each Passion turns, or soon or late;
 I love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
 Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curse! 135
 But an Inferior not dependant? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
 Oblige her, and she 'll hate you while you live:
 But die, and she 'll adore you—Then the Bust
 And Temple rise—then fall again to dust. 140
 Last night, her Lord was all that 's good and great;
 A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat.
 Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,
 By Spirit robb'd of Power, by Warmth of Friends,
 By Wealth of Followers! without one distress 145
 Sick of herself, through very selfishness!
 Atossa, curs'd with every granted prayer,
 Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir. 150

VARIATION.

After ver. 148, in the MS.

This Death decides; nor lets the blessing fall
 On any one she hates, but on them all.

Curs'd

To Heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heaven-directed, to the Poor. 150

Pictures, like these, dear Madam, to design,
Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit them right:
For how should equal Colours do the knack? 155
Chameleons who can paint in white and black?

"Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot."—
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
"With every pleasing, every prudent part,
"Say, what can Chloe want?"—She wants a Heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never, reach'd one generous Thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in Decencies for ever.

So very reasonable, so unmov'd, 165

As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her Friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair. 170

Forbid it, Heaven, a Favour or a Debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.

VARIATION.

Curs'd chance! this only could afflict her more,
If any part should wander to the poor.

Of

Of all her Dears she never slander'd one, 175
 But cares not if a thousand are undone.
 Would Chloe know if you 're alive or dead?
 She bids her Footman put it in her head.
 Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise?
 Then never break your heart when Chloe dies. 180

One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,
 Which Heaven has varnish'd out, and made a Queen:
 The same for ever! and describ'd by all
 With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball.
 Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will, 185
 And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
 'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,
 To draw the naked is your true delight.
 That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,
 None see what Parts of Nature it conceals: 190
 Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,
 We owe to models of an humble kind.
 If Queensberry to strip there 's no compelling,
 'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen.
 From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing 195
 To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
 Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
 From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But

VARIATION.

After ver. 198, in the MS.

Fain I'd in Fulvia spy the tender Wife;
 I cannot prove it on her for my life:
 And, for a noble pride, I blush no less,
 Instead of Berenice to think on Bess.

Thus

But grant, in Public Men sometimes are shown,
 A Woman's seen in Private life alone : 200
 Our bolder Talents in full light display'd;
 Your Virtues open fairest in the shade.
 Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide;
 There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,
 Weakness or Delicacy; all so nice, 205
 That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice.

In Men we various Ruling Passions find;
 In Women, two almost divide the kind;
 Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
 The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway. 210

That, Nature gives; and where the lesson taught
 Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?
 Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
 They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to Business, some to Pleasure take; 215
 But every Woman is at heart a Rake:
 Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife;
 But every Lady would be Queen for Life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!
 Power all their end, but Beauty all the means: 220

V A R I A T I O N S.

Thus while immortal Cibber only sings
 (As Clarke and Hoadly preach) for queens and kings,
 The Nymph that ne'er read Milton's mighty line,
 May, if she love and merit verse, have mine.

Ver. 207, in the first Edition :

In several Men we several passions find;
 In Women, two almost divide the kind.

In Youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their Age:
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam;
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But Wisdom's triumph is well-tim'd Retreat, 225
 As hard a science to the Fair as Great!
 Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
 Worn-out in public, weary every eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die. 230

Pleasures the sex, as children Birds, pursue,
 Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
 Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most,
 To covet flying, and regret when lost:
 At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend, 235
 It grows their Age's prudence to pretend;
 Asham'd to own they gave delight before,
 Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more:
 As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
 So these their merry, miserable Night; 240
 Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide,
 And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the World its Veterans rewards!
 A Youth of Frolicks, an Old-age of Cards;
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end; 245
 Young without Lovers, old without a Friend;
 A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot;
 Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot!

Ah! Friend! to dazzle let the Vain design;
 To raise the thought, and touch the Heart, be thine! 250

That

That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Ring,
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing :

So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight,

All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light,

225 Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines, 255

And unobserv'd the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow chearful as to-day :

230 She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear; 260

She who ne'er answers till a Husband cools,

Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules ;

Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,

Yet has her humour most, when she obeys ;

235 Let Fops or Fortune fly which way they will, 265

Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille ;

Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,

And Mistress of herself, though China fall.

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,

240 Woman's at best a contradiction still. 270

Heaven when it strives to polish all it can

Its last best work, but forms a softer Man ;

Picks from each sex, to make the Favourite blest,

Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest :

245 Blends, in exception to all general rules, 275

Your taste of Follies, with our scorn of Fools :

Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,

Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride ;

Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new ;

! 250 shakes all together, and produces— You. 280

That I 2 Be

Be this a Woman's Fame! with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care, 28;
Averted half your Parents' simple Prayer;
And gave you Beauty; but deny'd the Pelf
That buys your sex a Tyrant o'er itself.
The generous God, who Wit and Gold refines,
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines, 290
Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E I I I.

TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THAT it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, ver. 1, &c. The Point discussed, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious or pernicious to Mankind, ver. 21 to 77. That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessaries, ver. 89 to 160. That Avarice is an absolute Frenzy, without an End or Purpose, ver. 113, &c. 152. Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men, ver. 121 to 153. That the conduct of men, with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the Order of Providence, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, ver. 161 to 178. How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable, ver. 179. How a Prodigal does the same, ver. 199. The due Medium, and true use of Riches, ver. 219. The Man of Rofs, ver. 250. The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples; both miserable in Life and in Death, ver. 300, &c. The Story of Sir Balaam, ver. 339 to the end.

E P I S T L E III.

THIS Epistle was written after a violent outcry against our Author, on a supposition that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste. He justified himself upon that article in a letter to the Earl of Burlington; at the end of which are these words: "I have learnt that there are some who would
 " rather be wicked than ridiculous: and therefore it
 " may be safer to attack vices than follies. I will
 " therefore leave my betters in the quiet possession of
 " their idols, their groves, and their high-places;
 " and change my subject from their pride to their
 " meanness, from their vanities to their miseries;
 " and as the only certain way to avoid misconstruc-
 " tions, to lessen offence, and not to multiply ill-
 " natured applications, I may probably in my next,
 " make use of real names instead of fictitious ones."

P. **W**HO shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
 And foundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
 You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
 That Man was made the standing jest of Heaven:
 And Gold but sent to keep the Fools in play, 5
 For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
 (And, surely, Heaven and I are of a mind)
 Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground: 10

But

But when, by Man's audacious labour won,
 Flam'd forth this rival too, its Sire, the Sun,
 Then careful Heaven supply'd two sorts of Men,
 To squander These, and Those to hide again.

Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
 We find our tenets just the same at last.

Both fairly owning, Riches, in effect,
 No grace of Heaven or token of th' Elect;
 Given to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil. 20

B. What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows;

'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe;

'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve :

What Nature wants (a phrase I must distrust) 25

Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust :

Useful, I grant, it serves what Life requires,

But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, Society extend :

P. But lures the Pirate, and corrupts the Friend. 30

B. It raises Armies in a Nation's aid :

P. But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd.

In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave,

If secret Gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak, 35

From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,

And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,

" Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Blest Paper-credit ! last and best supply !

That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly ! 40

Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
 A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,
 Or ship-off Senates to some distant Shore;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow :
 Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen.

45

Oh ! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy!
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs,
 With all their brandies, or with all their wines?
 What could they more than Knights and 'Squires
 confound,

50

Or water all the Quorum ten miles round?
 A statesman's flumbers how this speech would spoil!
 " Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
 " Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door;
 " A hundred oxen at your levee roar."

55

Poor Avarice one torment more would find;
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind.
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet:
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
 Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.

60

VARIATION.

After ver. 50, in the MS.

To break a trust were Peter brib'd with wine,
 Peter! 'twould pose as wise a head as thine.

Had

Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs, 65
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?

His Grace will game: to White's a Bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head.

To White's be carry'd as to ancient games,

Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames.

70

Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,

Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady weep?

Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,

Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?

Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,

75

To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!

Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall,

What say you? B. Say? Why take it, Gold and all.

P. What Riches give us, let us then inquire?

Meat, Fire, and Cloaths. B. What more? P. Meat,

Cloaths, and Fire.

80

Is this too little? would you more than live?

Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.

Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)

Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!

What can they give? to dying Hopkins, Heirs;

85

To Chartres, Vigour; Japhet, Nose and Ears?

Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippias glow,

In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below;

Or heal, old Narses, thy obscurer ail,

With all th' embroidery plaister'd at thy tail?

90

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 77. Since then, &c.] In the former Ed.

Well then, since with the world we stand or fall,

Come take it, as we find it, Gold and all.

They

They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
 Give Harpax self the blessing of a Friend;
 Or find some Doctor that would save the life
 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's Wife:
 But thousands die, without or this or that,

95

Dis, and endow a College, or a Cat.

To some, indeed, Heaven grants the happier fate,
 T' enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate.

Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part;
 Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart:
 The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule
 That every man in want is knave or fool:

“God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)

“The wretch he starves”—and piously denies:

But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,

105

Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet to be just to these poor men of pelf,
 Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:

Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides

The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides.

110

B. Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own,
 Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some War, some Plague, or Famine, they foresee,
 Some Revelation hid from you and me.

Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found;

115

He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound.

What made Directors cheat in South-sea year?

To live on Venison when it sold so dear.

Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys?

Phryne foresees a general Excise.

120

Why

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wife Peter sees the World's respect for Gold,
And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold:
95 Glorious Ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

125

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes, Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold.
Congenial souls; whose life one Avarice joins,
And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines.

130

Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:

105 " At length Corruption, like a general flood,
" (So long by watchful Ministers withstood)
" Shall deluge all; and Avarice, creeping on,
" Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun;
" Statesman and Patriot ply alike the Stocks,
110 " Peerefs and Butler share alike the Box,
" And Judges job, and Bishops bite the town,
" And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown.
" See Britain sunk in lucre's fordid charms,
" And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's

135

140

115 " arms!"

'Twas no Court-badge, great Scrivener, fir'd thy brain,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, aham'd to see
Senates degenerate, Patriots disagree,

And

And nobly wishing Party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace.

“ All this is madness,” cries a sober sage :

But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?

“ The Ruling Passion, be it what it will,

“ The Ruling Passion conquers reason still.”

Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,

Than even that Passion, if it has no Aim ;

For though such motives Folly you may call,

The Folly's greater to have none at all.

Hear then the truth : “ 'Tis Heaven each Passion sends,

“ And different men directs to different ends.

“ Extremes in Nature equal good produce,

“ Extremes in Man concur to general use.”

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?

That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,

Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,

Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,

Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,

And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,

Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.

Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,

Sees but a backward steward for the Poor ;

This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare ;

The next, a Fountain, spouting through his Heir,

In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst,

And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,

Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :

Wha

What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot? 180

His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and fallads bless'd his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before;
To cram the rich, was prodigal expence, 185

And who would take the Poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round: 190

Tenants with sighs the smoakless towers survey,
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the sav'd candle, and unopening door;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate, 195
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his Son: he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun, will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow, is a task indeed.) 200

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin Fortunes, than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'Squire, and deep Divine!
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws, 205

His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis GEORGE and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,
And Zeal for that great House which eats him up.

The

The woods recede around the naked feat,
 The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet: 210
 Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands:
 Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands.
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils, 215
 Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?
 In vain at Court the Bankrupt pleads his cause,
 His thankless Country leaves him to her Laws.

The Sense to value Riches, with the Art
 T' enjoy them, and the Virtue to impart, 220
 Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
 Not sunk by sloth, not rais'd by servitude;
 To balance Fortune by a just expence,
 Join with Oeconomy, Magnificence;
 With Splendor, Charity; with Plenty, Health; 225
 Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 218, in the MS.

Where one lean herring furnish'd Cotta's board,
 And nettles grew, fit porridge for their Lord;
 Where mad good-nature, bounty misapply'd,
 In lavish Curio blaz'd a while and dy'd;
 There Providence once more shall shift the scene,
 And shewing H—y, teach the golden mean.

After ver. 226, in the MS.

The secret rare, which affluence hardly join'd,
 Which W—n lost, yet B—y ne'er could find:
 Still miss'd by Vice, and scarce by Virtue hit,
 By G—'s goodness, or by S—'s wit,

That

That secret rare, between th' extremes to move
Of mad Good-nature, and of mean Self-love.

B. To Worth or Want well-weigh'd, be Bounty given,
And ease, or emulate, the care of Heaven; 230

(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)

Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.

Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffus'd;

As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:

In heaps, like Ambergris, a stink it lies, 235

But well dispers'd, is incense to the Skies.

P. Who starves by Nobles, or with Nobles eats?

The Wretch that trusts them, and the Rogue that cheats.

Is there a Lord, who knows a chearful noon

Without a Fiddler, Flatterer, or Buffoon? 240

Whose table, Wit, or modest Merit share,

Un-elbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Player?

Who copies Your's, or Oxford's better part,

To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?

Where'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene, 245

And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!

There, English Bounty yet a while may stand,

And Honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should Lords engross?

Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of Ross: 250

VARIATION.

After ver. 250, in the MS.

Trace humble worth beyond Sabrina's shore,

Who sings not him, oh may he sing no more!

Pleas'd

Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's fultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose Causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary Traveller repose? 260
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 "The MAN of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon Alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265
 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate;
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives. 270
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more.
 Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile Attorneys, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!
 Oh say, what sums that generous hand supply?
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of Debts and Taxes, Wife and Children clear,
 This man possess—five hundred pounds a-year. 280
 Blush,

Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your
blaze!

Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his Name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have been. 290

When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end;
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.

Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend!
And see, what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung, 300
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,

V A R I A T I O N .

Ver. 287. Thus in the MS.

The Register inrolls him with his Poor,
Tells he was born, and dy'd, and tells no more.
Just as he ought, he fill'd the Space between;
Then stole to rest, unheeded and unseen.

The George and Garter dangling from that bed
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
 Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him, 305
 That life of Pleasure, and that soul of whim!
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
 The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;
 Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring
 Of mimic'd Statesmen, and their merry King. 310
 No Wit to flatter, left of all his store!
 No Fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
 There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 And Fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.
 His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee, 315
 And well (he thought) advis'd him, "Live like me!"
 As well his Grace reply'd, "Like you, Sir John?
 "That I can do, when all I have is gone."
 Resolve me, Reason, which of these are worse,
 Want with a full, or with an empty purse? 320
 Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd,
 Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd?
 Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
 For very want; he could not build a wall.
 His only daughter in a stranger's power, 325
 For very want; he could not pay a dower.
 A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd,
 'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
 What! even deny'd a cordial at his end,
 Banish'd the Doctor, and expell'd the friend? 330
 What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
 Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had!

Cutler

Cutler and Brutus dying, both exclaim,
 "Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!"

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd? 335
 Or are they both, in this, their own reward?

A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
 But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—B. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies; 340
 There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,

A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords, 345
 An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
 Constant at Church, and Change; his gains were sure,
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Devil was piqu'd such faintship to behold,
 And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old; 350
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep
 The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar, 355
 And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:

VARIATION.

Ver. 337. In the former Editions,

That knotty point, my Lord, shall I discuss,
 Or tell a tale?—A Tale—It follows thus.

K 2

"Live

"Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board. 360

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,
So kept the Diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought, 365
"I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
"Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
"And am so clear too of all other vice."

The Tempter saw his time: the work he ply'd;
Stocks and Subscriptions pour on every side, 370
Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit, 375
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn:
His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn: 380
Seldom at Church, ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.

There (so the Devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight; 385
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the Fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:

First,

First, for his Son a gay Commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies: 390
His Daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a Coronet and P—x for life.
In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,
And one more Pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play: so bad her chance, 395
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues;
The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs:
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown: 400
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E IV.

T O

Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

A R G U M E N T.

Of the Use of RICHES.

THE Vanity of Expençe in People of Wealth and Quality. The abuse of the word Taste, ver. 13. That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is Good Sense, ver. 40. The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance. Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, ver. 50. How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best Examples and Rules will be but perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous, ver. 65, &c. to 92. A description of the false Taste of Magnificence; the first grand error of which is, to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, ver. 97. and the second, either

in

in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, ver. 105, &c. A word or two of false Taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, ver. 133, &c. Yet PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind, ver. 169. [recurring to what is laid down in the first Book, Ep. ii. and in the Epistle preceding this, ver. 159, &c.] What are the proper objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of Great Men, ver. 177, &c. and finally the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, ver. 191, to the end.

E P I S T L E IV.

THE extremes of Avarice and Profusion being treated of in the foregoing Epistle; this takes up one particular branch of the latter, the Vanity of Expence in people of wealth and quality; and is therefore a corollary to the preceding, just as the Epistle on the Characters of Women is to that of the Knowledge and Characters of Men. It is equally remarkable for exactness of method with the rest. But the nature of the subject, which is less philosophical, makes it capable of being analyzed in a much narrower compass.

TIS strange, the Miser should his Cares employ
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
 Is it less strange, the Prodigal should waste
 His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
 Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats; 5
 Artists must choose his Pictures, Music, Meats:
 He buys for Topham Drawings and Designs;
 For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins;
 Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone,
 And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Slcane. 10
 'Think we all these are for himself? no more
 Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
 Only to shew, how many tastes he wanted.
 What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste? 15
 Some Dæmon whisper'd, "Visto! have a Taste."

Heaven

Heaven visits with a Taste the wealthy Fool,
 And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule.
 See! sportive Fate, to punish aukward pride,
 Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a Guide: 20
 A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
 That never Coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,
 And pompous buildings once were things of Use.
 Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules 25
 Fill half the land with imitating Fools;
 Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
 And of one beauty many blunders make;
 Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,
 Turn Arts of triumph to a Garden-gate; 30
 Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
 On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
 Then clap four slices of Pilaster on 't,
 That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front.
 Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar, 35
 Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
 Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
 And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.
 Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,
 A certain truth, which many buy too dear: 40

VARIATION.

After ver. 22, in the MS.

Must Bishops, Lawyers, Statesmen, have the skill
 To build, to plant, judge paintings, what you will?
 Then why not Kent as well our treaties draw,
 Bridgman explain the Gospel, Gibbs the Law?

Some

Something there is more needful than Expence,
 And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense:
 Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
 And, though no Science, fairly worth the seven:
 A Light, which in yourself you must perceive; 45
 Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
 To rear the Column, or the arch to bend,
 To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot;
 In all, let Nature never be forgot. 50
 But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
 Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
 Let not each beauty every where be spy'd,
 Where half the skill is decently to hide.
 He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, 55
 Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds.

Consult the Genius of the Place in all;
 That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall;
 Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heavens to scale,
 Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale; 60
 Calls-in the country, catches opening glades,
 Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
 Now breaks, or now directs th' intending Lines;
 Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow Sense, of every Art the Soul, 65
 Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole,
 Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
 Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance;
 Nature shall join you; Time shall make it grow
 A Work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow. 70

Without

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
 And Nero's Terraces desert their walls:
 The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,
 Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a Lake:
 Or cut wide views through mountains to the Plain, 75
 You 'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
 Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
 Nor in an Hermitage set Dr. Clarke.
 Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
 His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet; 80
 The wood supports the Plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of Shade contends with strength of Light;
 A waving Glow the bloomy beds display,
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quivering rills mæander'd o'er— 85
 Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
 Tir'd of the scene Parterres and Fountains yield,
 He finds at last he better likes a Field.

Through his young Woods how pleas'd Sabinus stray'd,
 Or fate delighted in the thickening shade, 90
 With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
 His Son's fine Taste an opener Vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves;
 One boundless Green, or flourish'd Carpet views, 95
 With all the mournful family of Yews:
 The thriving plants ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,
 Where all cry out, "What sums are thrown away!"

So

So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
 Soft and Agreeable come never there.
 Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.
 To compass this, his Building is a Town, 105
 His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down :
 Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,
 A puny insect, shivering at a breeze !
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !
 The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground, 110
 Two Cupids squirt before : a Lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the Northern wind.
 His Gardens next your admiration call,
 On every side you look, behold the Wall !
 No pleasing Intricacies intervene, 115
 No artful Wildness to perplex the scene ;
 Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees ; 120
 With here a Fountain, never to be play'd ;
 And there a Summer-house that knows no shade ;
 Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers ;
 There Gladiators fight, or die in flowers ;
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn, 125
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn.
 My Lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen :
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
 First through the length of yon hot Terrace sweat ; 130
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And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your thighs,
Just at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd?
In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round; 135
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are Vellom, and the rest as good
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood.
For Locke or Milton, 'tis in vain to look,
These shelves admit not any modern book. 140

And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the Pride of Prayer:
Light quirks of Music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to Heaven.
On painted Cielings you devoutly stare, 145
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite. 150

But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall:
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room? 155
No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb.
A solemn Sacrifice perform'd in state,
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there. 160

Between

Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,
 From soup to sweet-wine, and God blefs the King.
 In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
 And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
 Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave, 165
 Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
 I curse fuch lavish cost, and little skill,
 And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed;
 Health to himself, and to his infants bread, 170
 The Labourer bears: What his hard Heart denies,
 His charitable Vanity supplies.

Another Age shall see the golden Ear
 Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,
 Deep Harvest bury all his pride has plann'd, 175
 And laughing Ceres re-assume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil?
 Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle.
 'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence,
 And Splendor borrows all her rays from Sense. 180

His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,
 Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he increase:
 Whose chearful Tenants blefs their yearly toil,
 Yet to their Lord owe more than to the foil;
 Whose ample Lawns are not asham'd to feed 185
 The milky heifer and deserving steed;
 Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
 But future Buildings, future Navies, grow:
 Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
 First shade a Country, and then raise a Town. 190
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You too proceed! make falling Arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till Kings call forth th' Ideas of your mind, 195
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid Harbours open, public Ways extend,
Bid Temples worthier of the God ascend;
Bid the Broad Arch the dangerous flood contain,
The Mole projected break the roaring Main; 200
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient Rivers through the Land;
These Honours, Peace to Happy Britain brings;
These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings.

M O R A L E S S A Y S.

E P I S T L E V.

TO MR. ADDISON,

Occasioned by his Dialogues on MEDALS.

THIS was originally written in the year 1715, when Mr. Addison intended to publish his book of Medals; it was some time before he was Secretary of State; but not published till Mr. Tickell's Edition of his works; at which time the verses on Mr. Craggs, which conclude the poem, were added, viz. in 1720.

As the third Epistle treated of the extremes of Avarice and Profusion; and the fourth took up one particular branch of the latter, namely, the Vanity of Expence in people of wealth and quality, and was therefore a corollary to the third; so this treats of one circumstance of that Vanity, as it appears in the common collectors of old coins; and is, therefore, a corollary to the fourth.

SEE the wild Waste of all-devouring years!
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread!
 The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead;
 Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd, 5
 Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd:
 Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods:

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EP. V.

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Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey;
Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they! 10
Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame, 15
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That Name the Learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust: 20
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to shore,
Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd she now contracts her vast design,
And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin.
A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps, 25
Beneath her Palm here sad Judca weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud Arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold. 30

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name:
In one short view subjected to our eye
Gods, Emperors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, 35
Th' inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!

To gain Pescennius one employs his Schemes,
 One grasps a Cecrops in extatic dreams. 40
 Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
 Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd:
 And Curio, restless by the Fair-one's side,
 Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine: 45
 Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine:
 Her Gods and godlike Heroes rise to view,
 And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
 Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
 These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage: 50
 The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
 And Art reflected images to Art.

Oh, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
 Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
 In living medals see her wars enroll'd, 55
 And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?
 Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face;
 There, Warriors frowning in historic bras:
 Then future ages with delight shall see
 How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree; 60
 Or in fair series laurel'd Bards be shown,
 A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
 Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
 On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine:
 With aspect open shall erect his head, 65
 And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
 " Statesman, yet friend to Truth! of soul sincere,
 " In action faithful, and in honour clear;

" Who

“ Who broke no promise, serv’d no private end,
“ Who gain’d no title, and who lost no friend; 70
“ Ennobled by himself, by all approv’d,
“ And prais’d, unenvy’d, by the Muse he lov’d.”

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT:

BEING THE

P R O L O G U E

TO THE

S A T I R E S.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO

The first publication of this Epistle.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun, many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my Person, Morals, and Family, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of myself, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing,
it

it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and the Sentiment; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the vicious or the ungenerous.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true: but I have, for the most part, spared their Names; and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them to know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free Use of theirs as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage; and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out, but by its truth and likeness.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
 S Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
 The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets, through my Grot they glide.
 By land, by water, they renew the charge;
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me;

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson, much bemus'd in beer, 15
A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a Stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls? 20
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my Life! (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What Drop or Nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 20, in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
Is there a 'Prentice, having seen two plays,
Who would do something in his Sempstress' praise—

Ver. 29, in the 1st Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

Seiz'd

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES. 151

Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace; 35
 And to be grave, exceeds all Power of face.
 I sit with sad civility; I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years." 40
 Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before Term ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
 "The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it; 45
 "I'm all submission; what you 'd have it, make it."
 Three things another's modest wishes bound,
 My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
 Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace:
 "I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50
 Pitholeon libel'd me—"but here 's a letter
 "Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
 "Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
 "He 'll write a Journal, or he 'll turn Divine."
 Bless me! a packet.—" 'Tis a stranger sues, 55
 "A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."
 If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
 If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."

VARIATION.

Ver. 53, in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
 To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

L 4

There

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
 Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath! I'll print it,
 "And shame the fools—Your interest, Sir, with Lintot."
 Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
 "Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."
 All my demurs but double his attacks: 65
 At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
 Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,
 "Sir, let me see your works and you no more."
 'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a King) 70
 His very Minister, who spy'd them first,
 (Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face?
 A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dangerous things,
 I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
 Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.
 You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break, 85
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:

VARIATION.

Ver. 60, in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are luckily no friends.

Pit,

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES. 153

Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a Scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
 He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew: 90
 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature 's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100
 Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God's sake—you'll offend,
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these—P. One Flatterer 's worse than all,
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
 One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This

VARIATION.

Ver. III, in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe:

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

Time,

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 The players and I are, luckily, no friends. 60
 Fir'd that the house reject him, "'Sdeath! I'll print it,
 "And shame the fools—Your interest, Sir, with Lintot."
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 Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
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 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
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 Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
 And has not Colly still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moor?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100
 Still Sappho—A. Hold; for God's sake—you'll offend,
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these—P. One Flatterer 's worse than all,
 Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.
 A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
 Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
 One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes: 110
 One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This

VARIATION.

Ver. III, in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe:

And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

Time,

This prints my Letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe!"

There are, who to my person pay their court: 115
I cough like Horace, and, though lean, am short.

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, "Sir! you have an Eye!"—

Go on, obliging creature, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me. 120

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
"Just so immortal Maro held his head;"

And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd: 130

VARIATIONS.

Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave;
Yet each declares the other fool or knave.

After ver. 124, in the MS.

But, friend, this shape, which You and Curll* admire,
Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire†;
And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
I had it from my Mother‡, not the Muse.
Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* Curll set up his head for a sign.

† His Father was crooked.

‡ His Mother was much afflicted with headaches.

The

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES. 155

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife;
To help me through this long disease, my Life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite, 135
And knowing Walsb, would tell me I could write;
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head, 140
And St. John's self, (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!
From these the world will judge of men and books, 145
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers: who could take offence
While pure Description held the place of Sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and fate still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160

Commas

Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From flashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds:
 Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each Word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
 Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
 Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
 Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
 Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! 170
 The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
 But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find; 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
 The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
 He, who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
 And He, who, now to sense, now nonsense leaning, 185
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
 And He, whose fustian 's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
 All these, my modest Satire bad translate,
 And own'd that nine such Poets made a Tate. 190

How

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES. 157

How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause; 210
While Wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

VARIATION.

After ver. 208, in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. Pope's and Tickell's Translation of the first
Book of the Iliad.

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What though my name stood rubric on the walls, 215
 Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals ?
 Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
 On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
 I fought no homage from the race that write ;
 I kept, like Asian Monarchs, from their fight : 220
 Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great George ! a birth-day song.
 I ne'er with wits, or witlings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
 Nor, like a puppy, daggled through the town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
 But, sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To Bufo left the whole Castalian state. 230

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill ;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
 Horace and he went hand and hand in song.
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead 235
 And a true Pindar stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place ;

VARIATION.

After ver. 234, in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
 And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

Much

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES. 159

Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,
 And flatter'd every day, and some days eat; 240
 Till, grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearſal was affign'd,
 And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.

Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245
 Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
 But ſtill the Great have kindneſs in reſerve,
 He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.

May ſome choice patron bleſs each grey gooſe
 quill!

May every Bavius have his Bufo ſtill! 250

So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,
 Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,
 Or ſimple pride for flattery makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whiffled off my hands!

Bleſt be the Great! for thoſe they take away, 255
 And thoſe they left me; for they left me Gay:

Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:

Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
 My Verſe, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn! 260

Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!

(To live and die is all I have to do:)

Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,

And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:

Above a Patron, though I condeſcend 265

Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.

I was not born for Courts or great affairs:

I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my prayers;

Can

Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead.

270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heavens! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?
"I found him close with Swift—Indeed? no doubt
"(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will.

"No, such a Genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.
Poor, guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile,
When every Coxcomb knows me by my Style?

280

Curst

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 270, in the MS.

Friendships from youth I fought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The world I knew, but made it not my school,
And in a course of flattery liv'd no fool.

After ver. 282, in the MS.

P. What if I sing Augustus, great and good?

A. You did so lately, was it understood?

Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumbling Dennis or a Norfolk hound;
With George and Frederic roughen every verse,
Then smooth up all, and Caroline rehearse.

P. No—the high task to lift up Kings to Gods,
Leave to Court sermons, and to birth-day Odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurel'd Cibber and great Arnauld shine.

Why

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES. 161

Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a Tear!
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n Worth, or Beauty in distress,
 Who loves a Lie, lame Slander helps about,
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out: 290
 That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame:
 Who can your merit selfishly approve,
 And show the sense of it without the love;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray:
 Who to the Dean and silver bell can swear,
 And fees at Cannons what was never there; 300
 Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
 Let Sporus tremble—A. What? that thing of silk,
 Sporus, that mere white curd of Afs's milk?
 Satire of sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

VARIATION.

Why write at all?—A. Yes, silence if you keep,
 The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

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M

P. Yet

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings; 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of Eve, familiar Toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all see-saw, between that and this,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325 }
 Amphibious thing! that, acting either part,
 'The trifling head! or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd, 330
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
 Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud, nor servile; be one Poet's Praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:

That

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES: 163

That Flattery, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song:

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit; 345

Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed;

The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libel'd person, and the pictur'd shape;

Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead; 355
The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sovereign's ear—

Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great? 360

P. A knave's a knave, to me, in every state:

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,

Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail;

A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,

Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire; 365

If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,

He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
 Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
 This dreaded Sat'rist Dennis will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :
 So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
 Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?
 Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie. 375
 To please his Mistress one aspers'd his life ;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :
 Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will ;
 Let the two Curlls of Town and Court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
 Yet why ? that Father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :
 That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore :
 Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore ! 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long !
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.
 Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain Honour had applause)

VARIATION.

Ver 368, in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit,
 And lik'd that dangerous thing, a female wit ;
 Safe as he thought, though all the prudent chid ;
 He writ no Libels, but my Lady did :
 Great odds in amorous or poetic game,
 Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.

Each

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES. 165

Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—P.

Their own, 390

And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,

Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,

Stranger to civil and religious rage,

The good man walk'd innoxious through his age. 395

No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,

Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,

No language, but the language of the heart.

By Nature honest, by Experience wise; 400

Healthy by temperance, and by exercise;

His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,

His death was instant, and without a groan.

O grant me thus to live, and thus to die!

Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!

Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:

Me, let the tender office long engage,

To rock the cradle of reposing Age,

With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410

Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,

VARIATION.

After ver. 405, in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?

Take then this verse, the trifle of a day.

And if it live, it lives but to commend

The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a friend,

Or head, an Author; Critic, yet polite;

And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
Preserve him social, chearful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen!
A. Whether that blessings be deny'd or given,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heaven.

S A T I R E S
AND
E P I S T L E S
OF
H O R A C E
I M I T A T E D.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE occasion of publishing these Imitations was the Clamour raised on some of my Epistles. An Answer from Horace was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. Donne, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. Donne I versified, at the desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who had been Secretary of State: neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a Satirist for a Libeller; whereas to a true Satirist nothing is so odious as a Libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly virtuous nothing is so hateful as a Hypocrite.

“Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.”

WHOEVER

WHOEVER expects a Paraphrase of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well; if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious where Horace is in jest, and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was necessary for his Concurrence in promoting their common plan of Reformation of manners.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient Satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain curious felicity of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublimity of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius; and what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself in turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to imitate, he has informed us in his Advertisement: To which we may add, that this sort of Imitations, which are of the nature of Parodies, adds reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despréaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

BOOK II. SATIRE I.

To Mr. FORTESCUE.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
^a There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold;
 Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
 And something said of Chartres much too rough.
^b The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5
 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
 Timorous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
^c I come to Council learned in the Law:
 You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
 Advice; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10
 F. ^d I'd write no more.

P. Not

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

^a **S**UNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
 Legem tendere opus; ^b sine nervis altera, quidquid
 Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
 Mille die versus deduci posse. ^c Trebati,
 Quid faciam? praescribe.

T. ^d Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquit

Omnino versus?

T. Aio.

P. Not write? but then I think,
 *And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
 I nod in company, I wake at night,
 Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life. 15
 Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:

†Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
 Lettuce and cowslip wine; “*Probatum est.*”

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes. 20

‡Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar’s Praise,

‡You’ll gain at least a Knighthood, or the Bays.

P. What? like Sir †Richard, rumbling, rough, and
 fierce,

With Arms and George and Brunswick crowd the
 verse,

Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder, 25

With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and Thun-
 der?

Or

H. *Peream male, si non
 Optimum erat: *verum nequeo dormire.*

T. †*Ter uncti
 Transnanto Tiberim, somno quibus est opus alto;
 Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.*

‡*Aut si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
 Cæsaris invicti res dicere, † multa laborum
 Praemia laturus.*

H. *Cupidum, Pater optime, vires
 Deficiunt: †neque enim quivis horrentia pilis*

Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

F. ^k Then all your Muse's softer art display,
Let Carolina smoothe the tuneful lay, 30
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

P. ^l Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the Poet's lays, 35
It is to History he trusts for Praise.

F. ^m Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
ⁿ Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The

Agmina, nec fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos,
Aut labentis equo describat vulnera Parthi.

T. ^k Attamen et justum poteras et scribere fortem,
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,

Cum res ipsa feret: ^l nisi dextro tempore, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt Caesaris aurem:
Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. ^m Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi laedere versu
Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?

ⁿ Cum sibi quisque timet, quamquam est intactus, et odit.

The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. ° Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45

Scarfdale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;

Ridotta sips and dances, till she see

The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;

P F— loves the Senate, Hockleyhole his brother,

Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50

¶ I love to pour out all myself, as plain

As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:

In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,

The Soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;

In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55

Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.

In this impartial glass, my Muse intends

Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;

Publish the present age; but where my text

Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next: 60

My foes shall wish my life a longer date,

And every friend the less lament my fate.

My

H. ° Quid faciam? saltat Milonius, ut semel ic̄to

Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

¶ Castor gaudet equis; ovo prognatus eodem,

Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem studiorum

Millia. ¶ me pedibus delectat claudere verba,

Lucili ritu, nostrum melioris utroque.

Ille velut fidis arcana sodalibus olim

Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam,

Ducurrens alio, neque si bene; quo sit, ut omnis

My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
^r Verseman or Profeman, term me what you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
^s Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70
^t I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
^u Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
^w Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more: 75
 But touch me, and no minister so fore.
 Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
^x Slides into verse, and hitches-in a rhyme,

Sacred

Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
 Vita senis. sequor hunc, ^r Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:
 [Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
 Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis;
 Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis;
 Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
 Incuteret violenta] ^s sed hic stylus haud petet ultro
 Quemquam animantem, et me veluti custodiet ensis
 Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,
^t Tutus ab infestis latronibus? ^u O pater et rex
 Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,
 Nec quisquam noceat ^w cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
 Qui me commôrit, (melius non tangere, clamo)
^x Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

^y Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage;
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

^z Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels; 85
Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he 's not stung by Pug.

^a So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They 'll never poison you, they 'll only cheat. 90

^b Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court;
Whether Old-age, with faint but chearful ray,
Attends to gild the Evening of my day,

Or

^y Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes:
^z Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, nisi intus
Monstratum? ^a Scaevae vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem; nil faciet sceleris pia dextra (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

^b Ne longum faciam: seu me tranquilla senectus
Expectat, seu mors atris circumvolat alis;

Or Death's black wing already be display'd, 95
 To wrap me in the universal shade;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skewer to write:
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
 Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. ^d Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long,
 In flower of Age you perish for a song!
 Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
 Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!

P. ^e What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
 Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car;
 Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star;
 Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws? 110
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatterers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
 Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Friar engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?

And

Dives, inops; Romae, seu fors ita jusserit, exsul;
^e Quisquis erit vitae, scribam, color.

T. ^d O puer, ut sis
 Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
 Frigore te feriat.

H. ^e Quid? cum est Lucilius ausus
 Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,

And I not ^f strip the gilding off a Knave, 115
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
 I will, or perish in the generous cause:
 Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave. 120
 To Virtue only and her friends a Friend,
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
^h There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul:
 And He, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
 Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines;

Or

^f Detrahare et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
 Cederet, introrsum turpis; num Laelius, aut qui
 Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
 Ingenio offensi? aut laeso doluere Metello,
 Famolisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
 Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim;
 Scilicet ^g Uni aequus virtuti atque ejus Amicis.

^h Quin ubi se a vulgo et scena in secreta remorant
 Virtus Scipiadae et mitis sapientia Laeli,
 Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
 Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis

Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain,
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

ⁱ Envy must own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state;
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats; 135
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or Peers, alike are Mob to me. 140

This is my Plea, on this I rest my cause—

^k What faith my Council, learned in the laws?

F. ^l Your Plea is good; but still I say, beware!
Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.

It stands on record, that in Richard's times 145
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes;

^m Consult the Statute, “ quart.” I think, it is,
“ Edwardi sext.” or “ prim. et quint. Eliz.”

See

Infra Lucili censum, ingeniumque; tamen me

ⁱ Cum magnis vixisse invita fatebitur usque
Invidia; et fragili quaerens illidere dentem,
Offendet solido:

^k nisi quid tu, docte Trebati,

Dissentis.

T. ^l Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.

Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum:

“ ^m Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est
“ Judiciumque.”

See Libels, Satires—here you have it—read.

P. ⁿ Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed! 150
 But grave Epistles, bringing Vice to light,
 Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
 Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed; 155
 ° In such a case the Plaintiff will be his'd,
 My Lords the judges laugh, and you 're dismiss'd.

H. Esto, si quis ⁿ mala: sed bona si quis
 Judice condiderit laudatur Caesare. si quis
 Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse.
 T. ° Solventur risu tabulae: tu missus abibis.

BOOK II. SATIRE II.

To Mr. BETHEL.

^a **W**HAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
 To live on little with a cheerful heart;
^b (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
 Let's talk, my friends, but talk ^c before we dine.
^e Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
 Turns you from sound Philosophy aside;
 Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
 Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools,
^d But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10
^h Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
 Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

Your

SATIRA II.

^a **Q**UAE virtus et quanta, boni, sit vivere parvo,
 (^b Nec meus hic sermo: sed qua praecepit Ofellus,
 Rusticus, ^d abnormis Sapiens, crassaque Minerva)
 Discite, ^c non inter lances mensasque nitentes;
 Cum stupet insanis acies fulgoribus, et cum
 Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
^e Verum hic impransî mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
 Dicam, si potero, male verum examinat omnis
 Corruptus iudex. ^h Leporum sectatus, equove
 Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat

Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd),
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

* Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
 Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20
 Of

Militia assuetum graecari) seu pila velox,
 Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
 Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:
 Cum labor extulerit fastidia; foccus, inanis,
 Sperne cibum vilem: nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
 Ne biberis, diluta. ⁱ foris est promus, et atrum
 Defendens pisces hiemat mare: cum sale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
 Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in teipso est. tu pulmentaria quaere
 Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
 * Vix tamen eripiam, posito pavone, velis quîn
 Hoc potius quam gallina tergere palatum?
 Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
 Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda:
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris ista,
 Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adest honor idem?
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa;
 Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.
 Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto

¹ Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Though cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat)
 Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.
^m Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endued, ²⁵
 Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecued!"
 Oh blast it, ⁿ South-winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what Criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? ³⁰
 When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
^o Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives, still we see; ³⁵
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

The

Captus hiet? pontefne inter jaçtatus, an amnis
 Ostia sub Tusci? ¹ laudas, insane, trilibrem
 Mullum; in singula quem minuas pulmenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
 Proceros odisse lupos? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
 Jejunos raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

^m Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino
 Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
ⁿ Praesentes Austri, coquite horum opsonia; quamquam
 Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Aegrum sollicitat stomachum; cum rapula plenus
 Atque acidas mavult inulas. ^o necdum omnis abacta

p The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
 Till Beccaficos sold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40
 q Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,
 I'll have a Party at the Bedford-head;
 Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.
 r 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice, and fall into the other:
 Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
 Plain, but not fordid; though not splendid, clean.
 s Avidien, or his Wife, (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a t dog, and her a bitch) 50
 Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits, and on roots:
 One

Pauperies epulis regum: nam vilibus ovīs
 Nigrisque est oleis hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
 Galloni praeconis erat accipensere mensa
 Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus aequora alebant?
 p Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque ciconia nido,
 Donec vos auctor docuit praetorius. ergo
 q Si quis nunc mergos suaves edixerit assos,
 Parebit parvi docilis Romana juvenus.
 r Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
 Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
 Si te alio pravus detorseris. s Avidienus,
 t Cui Canis ex vero ductum cognomen adhaeret,
 Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna;

* One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine.
 But on some ^w lucky day (as when they found
 A lost Bank bill, or heard their son was drown'd), 55
 At such a feast, ^x old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so generous cannot bear:
 Oil, though it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

^y He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
 Nor ^z stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
 Nor lets, like ^a Nævius, every error pass, 65
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

^b Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)

First

* Ac, nisi mutatum, parcit defundere vinum; et
 Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
 Ille repotia, natales, aliosque dierum
^w Festos albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri
 Caulibus instillat, ^x veteris non parcus aceti.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum
 Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt,
^y Mundus erit, qua non offendat fordibus, atque
 In neutram partem cultus miser. ^z Hic neque servis
 Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
 Saevus erit: nec sic ut simplex ^a Nævius, unctam
 Convivis praebebit aquam: vitium hoc quoque magnum.

^b Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quae quantaque secum

• First Health: The stomach (cramm'd from every dish,
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft ^d the School-boy's simple fare,
 The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

• How pale, each Worshipful and Reverend guest 75
 Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast!
 What life in all that ample body, say?
 What heavenly particle inspires the clay?
 The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines. 80

^f On morning wings how active springs the Mind
 That leaves the load of yesterday behind!
 How easy every labour it pursues!
 How coming to the Poet every Muse!

Not

Afferat. • In primis valeas bene; nam variae res
 Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escae,
 Quae simplex olim ^d tibi federit. at simul assis
 Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis;
 Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
 Lenta feret pituita. • Vides, ut pallidus omnis
 Coena defurgat dubia? quin corpus onustum
 Hesternis vitiis animum quoque praegravat una,
 Atque affigit humo divinae particulam auras.

^f Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
 Membra dedit, vegetus praescripta ad munia surgit.
 • Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam;
 Sive diem festum rediens advexerit annus,

(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong;
The world's good word is better than a song)
Who has not learn'd, ^m fresh sturgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!

When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
Curs'd be thy ⁿ neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And ^o buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

P "Right, cries his Lordship, for a rogue in need
"To have a taste, is insolence indeed:

"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
"My wealth unwieldy, ^q and my heap too great."

Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray, 115
And shine that superfluity away.

Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?

Shall

^a Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
^o As, laquei pretium.

P Jure, inquit, Trausius istis

Jugatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ^q Ergo,
Quod superat, non est melius quo insumere possis?
Cur eget indignus quisquam, te divite? quare
^r Tempa ruunt antiqui Deum? cur improbe, caræ
Non aliquid patriae tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res?

Shall half the ^r new-built churches round thee fall?
 Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall: 120
 Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
 As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

^a Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
 Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.
 And ^r who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125
 That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,
 Or blest with little, whose preventing care
 In peace provides fit arms against a war?

^u Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his thought,
 And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130
 His equal mind I copy what I can,
 And as I love, would imitate the Man.
 In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd
 The Lord of thousands, than if now ^w Excis'd;
 In forest planted by a Father's hand, 135
 Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content

^s O magnus posthac inimicis risus! uterne
^t Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius? hic, qui
 Pluribus assuêrit mentem corpusque superbum;
 An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
 In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello?

^u Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus Ofellum
 Integris opibus novi non latius usum,
 Quam nunc ^w accisis. Videas, metato in agello,
 Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
 Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta

Content with little I can piddle here
 On ^x brocoli and mutton, round the year;
 But ^y ancient friends (though poor, or out of play)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 148
 'Tis true, no ^z Turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
 To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own:
^a From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall; 145
 And grapes, long-lingering on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join;
 The devil is in you if you cannot dine:
 Then ^b chearful healths (your Mistrefs shall have place);
 And, what 's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 150
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast:
 Though double tax'd, how little have I lost!

My

Quidquam, praeter ^x olus fumosae cum pede pernae.
 Ac mihi seu ^y longum post tempus venerat hospes,
 Sive operum vacuo gratus conviva per imbrem
 Vicinus; bene erat, non ^z piscibus urbe petitis,
 Sed pullo atque hoedo: tum ^a pensilis uva secundas
 Et nux ornabat mensas, cum duplice ficu.
 Post hoc ludus erat ^b cuppa potare magistra:
 Ac venerata Ceres, ita culmo surgeret alto,
 Explicuit vino contractae feria frontis.

Saeviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
 Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto aut ego parcius, aut
 vos,

My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before, and after ^c Standing Armies came.
 My lands are sold, my father's house is gone; 155
 I 'll hire another's; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends? through whose free opening gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.) 160
 " Pray heaven it last! (cries Swift) as you go on;
 " I wish to God this house had been your own:
 " Pity! to build, without a son or wife;
 " Why, you 'll enjoy it only all your life."
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
 What 's ^d Property? dear Swift! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to ^e Peter Walter;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir; 170
 Or in pure ^f equity (the case not clear)
 The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year:
 At best, it falls to some ^g ungracious son,
 Who cries, " My father 's damn'd, and all 's my own."
Shades,

O pueri, nituistis, ut huc ^c novus incola venit?
 Nam ^d propriae telluris herum natura neque illum,
 Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;
 Illum aut ^e nequities aut ^f vafri incitia juris,
 Postremum expellet certe ^g vivacior heres.
^h Nunc ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper Ofelli
 Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum

Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford, 175
Become the portion of a booby Lord;

And Hemfley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scrivener, or a City Knight.

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own masters still. 180

Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ¹ quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

BOOK I. EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
 Why ^b will you break the sabbath of my days?
 Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
 Public too long, ah let me hide my Age! 5
 See modest ^c Cibber now has left the Stage:
 Our Generals now, ^d retir'd to their Estates,
 Hang their Old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
 In Life's cool Evening satiate of Applause,
 Nor ^e fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.
 ^f A voice there is, that whispers in my ear,
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear)
 " Friend Pope! be prudent, let your ^g Muse take breath,
 " And never gallop Pegasus to death;

" Let

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
 ^b Spectatum satis, et donatum jam rude, quaeris,
 Maecenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
 Non eadem est aetas, non mens. ^c Veianius, armis
 ^d Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
 Ne populum ^e extrema toties exoret arena.
 ^f Est mihi purgatam crebro qui perfonet aurem;
 Solve ^g senescentem mature sanus equum, ne

" Left stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15

" You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."

Farewell then ^h Verse, and Love, and every Toy,

The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy ;

What ⁱ right, what true, what fit we justly call,

Let this be all my care—for this is All : 20

To lay this ^k harvest up, and hoard with haste,

What every day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what ^l Doctors I apply ?

Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I :

As drives the ^m storm, at any door I knock, 25

And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke :

Sometimes a ⁿ Patriot, active in debate,

Mix with the World, and battle for the State,

Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,

Still true to Virtue, ^o and as warm as true : 30

Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,

Indulge my candour, and grow all to all ;

Back

Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.

Nunc itaque et ^h versus, et caetera ludicra pono :

Quid ⁱ verum atque decens, curo et rogo, et omnis in
hoc sum :

^k Condo, et compono, quae mox depromere possim.

Ac ne forte roges, ^l quo me duce, quo Lare tuter :

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,

^m Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor hospes.

Nunc agilis fio, et merfor ⁿ civilibus undis,

Virtutis verae custos, ^o rigidusque satelles :

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O

Back to my ^p native Moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

^q Long, as to him who works for debt, the day, 35
Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th' ^r unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my soul; 40
That keep me from myself; and still delay
Life's instant business to a future day:
That ^s task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
And which not done, the richest must be poor.

^t Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some ^u comfort, not to be a fool.
^w Weak though I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite: 50
I 'll

Nunc in Aristippi ^p furtim praecepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subungere conor.

^q Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque
Lenta videtur opus debentibus: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda ^r fluunt ingrataque tempora, quae spem
Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter ^s id, quod
Aeque pauperibus prodest, locupletibus aeque,
Aeque neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

^t Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam ^u solerque elementis:
^w Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;

I'll do what Mead and Cheselden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to ^x go back, is somewhat to advance,
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy ^y blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
With wretched Avarice, or as wretched Love?

Know, there are Worlds, and Spells, which can control
^z Between the Fits this Fever of the soul:

Know, there are Rhymes, which ^a fresh and fresh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60

Be ^b furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,

^c Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,

A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch ^d Bear;

All that we ask is but a patient Ear.

^e 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.

But

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:

Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,

Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.

Est quadam prodire ^x tenus, si non datur ultra.

^y Fervet avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?

Sunt verba et voces, quibus hunc lenire dolorem

Possis, et ^z magnam morbi deponere partem.

Laudis amore tumes? sunt ^a certa piacula, quae te

Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

^b Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, ^c amator;

Nemo ^d adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,

Si modo culturae patientem commodet aurem.

^e Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,

But to the world no ^f bugbear is so great,
 As want of figure, and a small Estate.
 To either India see the Merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
 Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ^g ease thy heart of all that it admires?
^h Here Wisdom calls: ⁱ "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
 "As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
 There, London's voice, ^k "Get Money, Money still!
 "And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80
 This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
 From ^l low St. James's up to high St. Paul!

From

*Stultitia caruisse. vides, quae ^f maxima credis
 Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,
 Quanto devites animi capitisque labore.
 Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
 Per ^g mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes:
 Ne cures ^h ea, quae stulte miraris et optas,
 Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
 Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
 Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
 Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmae?
 " ⁱ Vilius argentum est auro, virtutibus aurum.
 " ^k O ciyes, cives! quaerenda pecunia primum est;
 " Virtus post nummos:" haec ^l Janus summus ab imo*

From him whose ^m quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Bernard in ⁿ spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85
"Pray then, what wants he?" Four-score thousand
pounds?

A pension, or such Harnes for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a ^o Cit with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*1, Their Honours, and so forth, 90

Yet every ^p child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conscious Honour, is to feel no sin,
He 's arm'd without that 's innocent within;
Be this thy ^q Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass; 95
Compar'd to this, a Minister 's an Ass.

' And say, to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court-jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was spoke at ^s CRESSY or POITIERS? 100
Who

Prodocet: haec recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
^m Laevo suspensi loculos tabulamque lacerto.

Est ⁿ animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque;
Sed quadringentis sex septem millia defint.

^o Plebs eris. ^p at pueri ludentes, Rex eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic ^q murus aheneus esto,
Nil conscire sibi, nulla pallescere culpa.

' Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Naenia, quae regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et maribus ^s Curiis et decantata Camillis?

† Who counfels best? who whispers, “ Be but great,
 “ With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;
 “ Get Place and Wealth, if possible with grace;
 “ If not, by any means, get Wealth and Place.”
 For what? to have a ^u Box where Eunuchs sing, 105
 And foremost in the Circle eye a King.
 Or ^w he, who bids thee face with steady view
 Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness through: }
 And, ^x while he bids thee, sets th’ Example too? }
 If ^y such a Doctrine, in St. James’s air, 110
 Should chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;
 In honest S*^z take scandal at a Spark,
 That less admires the ^z Palace than the Park:
 Faith, I shall give the answer ^a Reynard gave:
 “ I cannot like, dread Sire, your Royal Cave; 115
 “ Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 “ Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out.”

Adieu

† *Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, “ Rem facias; rem,
 “ Si possis, recte; si non, quocunque modo rem.”
 Ut ^u propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupi!
 An, ^w qui fortunae te respondere superbae
 Liberum et erectum, ^x praesens hortatur et aptat?
^y Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
 Non, ut ^z porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem:
 Nec sequar aut fugiam, quae diligit ipse vel odit;
 Olim quod ^a vulpes aegroto cauta leoni
 Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent
 Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.*

Adieu to Virtue, if you 're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you fend her to her grave.

Well, if a King 's a Lion, at the least 120
The ^b People are a many-headed Beast:

Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125

Their ^c Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some ^d with fat Bucks on childless dotards fawn; 130
Some win rich Widows by their Chime and Brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkness, ^e hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ^f pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone: 135
But shew me one who has it in his power
To act consistent with himself an hour.

So

^b Bellua multorum est capitum. nam quid sequar aut
quem?

Pars hominum gestit ^c conducere publica: sunt qui

^d Crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras,

Excipiantque fenes, quos in vivaria mittant:

^e Multis occulto crescit res fenore. ^f verum

Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri:

Idem eadem possunt horam durare probantes?

Sir Job & sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,
 "No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill!"
^h Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base 140
 Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
 The silver Thames reflects its marble face. }
 Now let some whimsey, or that ⁱ Devil within }
 Which guides all those who know not what they mean, }
 But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen; 145 }
 "Away, away! take all your scaffolds down,
 "For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."
 At amorous Flavio is the ^k stocking thrown?
 That very night he longs to lie alone.
^l The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
 For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
 Did ever ^m Proteus, Merlin, any witch, }
 Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich? }
 Well, but the ⁿ Poor—The Poor have the same itch; }
 They change their ^o weekly Barber, weekly News, 155
 Prefer a new Japanner, to their shoes;

Discharge

^g Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis praelucet amoenis,
 Si dixit dives; ^h lacus et mare sentit amorem
 Festinantis heri: cui si ⁱ vitiosa libido
 Fecerit auspicium; cras ferramenta Teanum
 Tolletis, fabri. ^k lectus genialis in aula est?
 Nil ait esse prius, melius nil coelibae vita:
^l Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.
^m Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
 Quid ⁿ pauper? ride: mutat ^o coenacula, lectos,

Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;
 They ^p hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160

^a You laugh, half-Beau, half-Sloven if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
 You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
 But when ^r no Prelate's Lawn, with hair-shirt lin'd, 165
 Is half so incoherent as my Mind,

When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ^s ebb and flow of Follies all my life)
 I ^t plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round; 170

^u You never change one muscle of your face,
 You think this Madness but a common case,
 Nor ^w once to Chancery, nor to Hale apply;
 Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!

Careless

Balnea, ^p tonfores; conducto navigio aequè
 Naufeat, ac locuples quem ducit priva triremis.

^a Si curatus inaequali tonfore capillos
 Occurro; rides. si forte subucula pexae
 Trita subest tunicae, vel si toga dissidet impar;
 Rides. quid, ^r mea cum pugnat sententia secum;
 Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit;
^s Aestuat, et vitae disconvenit ordine toto;
^t Diruit, aedificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
^u Insanire putas solennia me, neque rides,
 Nec ^w medici credis, nec curatoris egere

Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.
 Is this my ^x Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?
 This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend;
 Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
 That Man divine, whom Wisdom calls her own; 180
 Great without Title, without Fortune blest'd;
 Rich ^y ev'n when plunder'd, ^z honour'd while oppress'd;
 Lov'd ^c without youth, and follow'd without power;
 At home, though exil'd; ^b free, though in the Tower;
 In short, that reasoning, high, immortal Thing, 185
 Just ^c less than Jove, and ^d much above a King,
 Nay, half in heaven—^e except (what 's mighty odd)
 A fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-god!

A praetore dati; rerum ^x tutela mearum
 Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,
 De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.

Ad summam, sapiens uno ^c minor est Jove, ^y dives,
^b Liber, ^z honoratus, ^a pulcher, ^d rex denique regum;
 Praecipue fanus, ^e nisi cum pituita molesta est.

BOOK I. EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY.

THIS Piece is the most finished of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *Con Amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of excellence. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed; and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a Poet for his Friend. In the obtaining of which, as neither Vanity, Party, nor Fear, had any share, so he supported his title to it by all the offices of true Friendship.

“NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
 “To make men happy, and to keep them so.”
 (Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flowers of speech,
 So take it in the very words of Creech.)

^b This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
 Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,

There

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL admirari, prope res est una, Numici,
 Solaque quae possit facere et servare beatum;

^b Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis

There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes
 Look through and trust the Ruler with his skies,
 To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
 And view ^c this dreadful All without a fear. 10

Admire we then what ^d Earth's low entrails hold,
 Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold; }
 All the mad trade of ^e Fools and Slaves for Gold? }
 Or ^f Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
 The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings? 15
 Say, with what ^g eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
 And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If weak the ^h pleasure that from these can spring,
 The fear to want them is as weak a thing;
 Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
 In either case, believe me, we admire;
 Whether we ⁱ joy or grieve, the same the curse,
 Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
 Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
 Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away; 25
 For

Tempora momentis, sunt qui ^c formidine nulla
 Imbuti spectent. ^d quid censes, munera terrae?
 Quid, maris extremos Arabas ^e ditantis et Indos?
 Ludicra, quid, ^f plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?
 Quo spectanda modo, ^g quo sensu credis et ore?
^h Qui timet his adversa, fere miratur eodem
 Quo cupiens pacto: pavor est utrobique molestus:
 Improvisa simul species exterret utrumque:
ⁱ Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,

For ^k Virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
 The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
^l Go then, and if you can, admire the state
 Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
 Procure a Taste to double the surprize, 30
 And gaze on ^m Parian Charms with learned eyes:
 Be struck with bright ⁿ Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
 Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.
 If not so pleas'd, at ^o Council-board rejoice,
 To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice; 35
 From ^p morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
 Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
 But wherefore all this labour, all this strife?
 For ^q Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
 Shall ^r One whom Nature, Learning, Birth conspir'd 40
 To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
 Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
 Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth?

Yet

Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,
 Defixis oculis animoque et corpore torpet?

^k Infani sapiens nomen ferat, aequus iniqui;

Ultra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.

^l I nunc, argentum et marmor ^m vetus, aeraque et artes

Suspice: cum gemmis ⁿ Tyrios mirare colores:

Gaude, quod spectant oculi te ^o mille loquentem:

Gnavus ^p mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum;

^q Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris

Mutus et (indignum; quod sit pejoribus ortus)

^r Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.

Yet ^s time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
 It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine: 45
 And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day,
 The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
 Grac'd as thou art, ^t with all the Power of Words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the house of Lords:
 Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lie;
^u Where Murray (long enough his Country's pride)
 Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!
^w Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
 Will any mortal let himself alone? 55
 See Ward by batter'd Beaux invited over,
 And desperate Misery lays hold on Dover.
 The case is easier in the Mind's disease;
 There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.
 Would ye be ^x blest? despise low Joys, low Gains;
 Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains;
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But

^s Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet aetas;
 Defodiet condetque nitentia. ^t cum bene notum
 Porticus Agrippae, et via te conspexerit Appi;
 Ire tamen restat, Numa ^u quo devenit et Ancus.

^w Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
 Quare fugam morbi. ^x vis recte vivere? quis non?
 Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omittis
 Hoc age deliciis.

y But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
 Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns, 65
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones?
 Fly ^z then, on all the wings of wild desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:
 Is wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
 Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
^a Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of fifty thousand rise,
 Add one round hundred, and (if that 's not fair) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score,
 Will gain a ^b Wife with half as many more,
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such ^c Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 A ^d Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth,
 Venus shall give him Form, and Antis Birth.

(Believe

y virtutem verba putes, et
 Lucum ligna? ^z cave ne portus occupet alter;
 Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas:
^a Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
 Tertia succedant, et quae pars quadret acervum.
 Scilicet ^b uxorem cum dote, fidemque, et ^c amicos,
 Et genus, et formam, regina ^d Pecunia donat;
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.

(Believe me, many a ^e German Prince is worse,
 Who, proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)
 His Wealth brave ^f Timon gloriously confounds; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
 Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
 Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day.

Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90
 A noble superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves;
 Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.

^h If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

ⁱ But if to Power and Place your Passion lie,
 If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;

Then

Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris ^e Capadocum Rex:

Ne fueris hic tu. ^f chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,

Si posset centum scenae praebere rogatus,

Quî possum tot? ait: tamen et quaeram, et quot
 habebo

Mittam: post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
 Esse domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.

^g Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt,

Et dominum fallunt, et prosunt furibus. ^h ergo,

Si res sola potest facere et servare beatum,

Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

ⁱ Si fortunatum species et gratia praestat,

Then ^k hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord, 100
 To do the Honours, and to give the word;
 Tell at your Levee, as the Clouds approach,
 To whom ^l to nod, whom take into your Coach,
 Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
 Who ^m rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks: 105
 " This may be troublesome, is near the Chair:
 " That makes three Members, this can chuse a Mayor."

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him ⁿ Son, or Cousin at the least, }
 Then turn about, and ^o laugh at your own Jest. 110 }

Or if your life be one continued Treat,
 If ^p to live well means nothing but to eat;
 Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny prey;
 With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite— 115
 So ^q Ruffel did, but could not eat at night;
 Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
 And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

Or

^k Mercemur servum, qui dictet nomina, laevum
 Qui fodicet latus, et ^l cogat trans pondera dextram
 Porrigere: ^m Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille Velina:
 Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,
 Cui volet, importunus ebur: ⁿ Frater, Pater, adde:
 Ut cuique est aetas, ita quemque ^o facetus adopta.
 Si ^p bene qui coenat, bene vivit; lucet: eamus
 Quo ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut ^q olim
 Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
 Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,

Or shall we ^r every Decency confound ;
 Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round ;
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo
^s K—I's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew ;
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts ;
 Or for a titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 125
 Renounce our ^t Country, and degrade our Name?

If, after all, we must with ^u Wilmot own,
 The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone,
 And Swift cry wisely, “ Vive la Bagatelle ! ”
 The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well. 130
^w Adieu—if this advice appear the worst,
 E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first :
 Or better Precepts if you can impart,
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret
 Emtum mulus aprum. ^r crudi, tumidique lavemur,
 Quid deceat, quid non, obliti ; Caerite cera
 Digni ; ^s remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi ;
 Cui potior ^t patria fuit interdicta voluptas.

^u Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
 Nil est jucundum ; vivas in amore jocisque.

^w Vive, vale. si quid novisti rectius istis,
 Candidus imperti : si non, his utere mecum.

E P I S T L E I.

To AUGUSTUS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of Horace, and the Judgments past in his Epistle to Augustus, seemed so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Increase of an absolute Empire. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a Free people, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our Neighbours.

This Epistle will show the learned World to have fallen into Two mistakes: one, that Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: "Admonebat Praetores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolefieri," &c. The other, that this Piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry; whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more

their Patron. Horace here pleads the Cause of his Contemporaries, first against the Taste of the Town, whose Humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly against the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and lastly against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shows (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their Morals were much improved, and the licence of those ancient Poets restrained; that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagances were left on the Stage, were owing to the Ill Taste of the Nobility; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the State; and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend, for his fame with Posterity.

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his court to this Great Prince, by writing with a decent Freedom towards him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character.

E P I S T L E I.

T O A U G U S T U S.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! ^a sustain
 The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
 Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend;
 At Home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
^b How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal 5
 An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
^c Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more ^d sacred Name,
 After a Life of generous toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdued, or Property secur'd, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
 Or Laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
 Clos'd

E P I S T O L A I.

A D A U G U S T U M.

CUM tot ^a sustineas et tanta negotia solus,
 Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
 Legibus emendes; in ^b publica commoda peccem,
 Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Caesar.
^c Romulus, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, ^d Deorum in templa recepti,
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros adignant, oppida condunt;

e Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath,
 f Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death. 15
 The great Alcides, every Labour past,
 Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
 g Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.

To thee, the World its present homage pays,
 The Harvest early, ^h but mature the praise:
 Great Friend of Liberty! in Kings a Name 25
 Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame*:
 Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
 i As Heaven's own Oracles from Altars heard.
 Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
 k None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30
 Just

e Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit f invidiam supremo fine domari,
 g Urit enim fulgore suo, qui praegravat artes
 Infra se positas: extinctus amabitur idem.
 h Praesenti tibi maturos largimur honores,
 i Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
 k Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes.
 Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,
 * Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,

Just in one instance, be it yet confest
 Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.

^l Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green; 40
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,

^m He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Though justly ⁿ Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not we be wiser than our fires?

In

Caetera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
 Aestimât; et, nisi quae terris semota suisque
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit:

^l Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, foedera regum,
 Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis aequata Sabinis,
 Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
^m Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si, quia ⁿ Graiorum sunt antiquissima quaeque
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
 Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
 Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
 Venimus ad summum fortunae: pingimus, atque

In every Public Virtue we excell;
 We build, we paint, ° we sing, we dance as well;
 And P learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If 1 Time improve our Wits as well as Wine,
 Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
 Who dy'd, perhaps, an hundred years ago?
 End all dispute; and fix the year precise
 When British bards begin t' immortalize?

"Who lasts a 1 century can have no flaw;
 "I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law."

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound?
 And shall we deem him 3 Ancient, right and sound,
 Or damn to all eternity at once,
 At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce?

"We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
 "By 1 courtesy of England, he may do."

Then,

• Pfallimus, et P luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.
 Si 1 meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
 Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
 Scriptor ab hinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
 Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
 Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
 Est vetus atque probus, 1 centum qui perficit annos.
 Quid? qui deperit minor uno mense vel anno,
 Inter quos referendus erit? 3 veteresne poetas,
 An quos et praefans et postera respuat aetas?
 Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur 1 honeste,

Then, by the rule that made the ^u Horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt ^w down Ancients like a heap of snow: 65
 While you, to measure merits, look in ^x Stowe,
 And, estimating authors by the year,
 Bestow a Garland only on a ^y Bier.

^z Shakespeare (whom you and every Playhouse bill
 Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) 70
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew Immortal in his own despight.
 Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
^a The Life to come, in every Poet's Creed.
 Who now reads ^b Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
 His Moral pleases, not his pointed wit;
 Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
 But still ^c I love the language of his heart.

“ Yet surely, ^d surely, these were famous men!
 “ What boy but hears the saying of old Ben? 80
 “ In

Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permissis, caudaeque pilos ut ^u equinae
 Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;
 Dum cadat elusus ratione ^w ruentis acervi,
 Qui redit in ^x fastos, et virtutem aestimat annis,
 Miraturque nihil, nisi quod ^y Libitina sacrauit.

^z Ennius et sapiens, et fortis, et alter Homerus,
 Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
 Quo ^a promissa cadant, et somnia Pythagorea.
^b Naevius in manibus non est; at ^c mentibus haeret
 Pene recens: ^d adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema.

" In all ^e debates where Critics bear a part,
 " Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's Art,
 " Of Shakespeare's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
 " How Beaumont's judgment check'd what Fletcher
 " writ;
 " How Shadwell haſty, Wycherly was ſlow; 85
 " But, for the Paſſions, Southerne ſure and Rowe.
 " Theſe, ^f only theſe, ſupport the crowded ſtage,
 " From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age."
 All this may be; ^g the people's Voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90
 To ^h Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
 Or ſay our Fathers never broke a rule;
 Why then, I ſay, the Public is a fool.
 But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95
 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.

Spenser

Ambigitur ^e quoties, uter utro fit prior; auſert
 Pacuvius docti famam ſenis, Accius alti:
 Dicitur Afranî toga conveniſſe Menandro:
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi
 Vincere Caecilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
 Hos ediscit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro
 Spectat Roma potens; ^f habet hos numeratque poetas
 Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab aevo.
^g Interdum vulgus rectem videt: eſt ubi peccat.
 Si ^h veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:

Spenser himself affects the ⁱ Obsolete,
 And Sydney's verse halts ill on ^k Roman feet:
 Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,
 Now Serpent-like, in ^l prose he sweeps the ground, 100
 In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
 And God the Father turns a School-divine.
^m Not that I 'd lop the Beauties from his book,
 Like ⁿ flashing Bentley with his desperate hook,
 Or damn all Shakespeare, like th' affected Fool 105
 At court, who hates whate'er he ^o read at school.

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
 The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease;
 Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er) 110
 One Simile, that ^p solitary shines
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 Or ^q lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a
 page,
 Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.

I lose

Si quaedam nimis ⁱ antique, si pleraque ^k dure
 Dicere credit eos, ^l ignave multa fatetur;
 Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat aequo.
^m Non equidem infector, delendaque carmina Livî
 Esse reor, memini quae ⁿ plagosum ^o mihi parvo
 Orbiliû dictare;

fed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:
 Inter quae ^p verbum emicuit si forte decorum,
 Si ^q versus paulo concinnior unus et alter;

I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
 When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new;
 While, if our Elders break all reason's laws,
 These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.
 On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
 If I but ask if any weed can grow; 120
 One Tragic sentence if I dare deride,
 Which ^t Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
 Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 (Though but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)
 How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125
 And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!
 You 'd think ^u no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old Bards, ^w or Merlin's Prophecy,
 Mistake

Injuste totum ducit venditque poema.

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
 Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper;
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et praemia posci.

Recte necne crocum floresque perambulet Attae
 Fabula, si dubitem; clamant periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene patres: ea cum reprehendere coner,
 Quae ^t gravis Aesopus, quae doctus Roscius egit.
 Vel quia nil ^u rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt;
 Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quae
 Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.
 Jam ^w Saliare Numae carmen qui laudat, et illud,

Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
And, to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.

* Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow. 135.

What then was new, what had been ancient now?

Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read

By learned Critics, of the mighty dead?

† In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd; 140

In every taste of foreign Courts improv'd,

“ All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd.”

Then Peers grew proud ^z in Horsemanship t' excel,

Newmarket's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;

The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145

And every flowery Courtier writ Romance.

Then ^a Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,

And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :

Lely on ^b animated Canvas stole

The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150

No.

Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;

Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,

Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

* Quod si tam Graecis novitas invisâ fuisset,
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet;

Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

† Ut primum positis nugari Graecia bellis

Coepit, et in vitium fortuna labier aequa;

Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit ^z equorum :

^a Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut aeris amavit;

Suspendit ^b picta vultum mentemque tabella;

No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court:
On ^c each enervate string they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.

But ^d Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155
Now calls-in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleasure, now for Church or State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause. 160

^e Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his Wife to Church, his Son to School.
To ^f worship like his Fathers, was his care; 165
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good ^g Security, his Gold.

Now.

Nun ^c tibicinibus, nunc est gavisâ tragoedis:

^d Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonae, ventique secundi.

^e Romae dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa
Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos ^f nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
^g Majores audire, minori dicere, per quae
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.

Now times are chang'd, and one ^h Poetic Itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich: 170
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the bays,
 Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
 To Theatres and to Rehearsals throng,
 And all our Grace at table is a Song.

I, who so oft renounce the Muses, ⁱ lye, 175
 Not ——'s self e'er tells more Fibbs than I;
 When sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,
 And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our Wit. 180

^k He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
 Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
 Ev'n ^l Radcliffe's Doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they 've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile)
 But ^m those who cannot write, and those who can,
 All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet,

Mutavit mentem populus levis, ^h et calet uno
 Scribendi studio: puerique patresque severi
 Fronde comas vincti coenant, et carmina dictant.
 Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
 Invenior ⁱ Parthis mendacior; et prius orto
 Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.

^k Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum aegro
 Non audet, nisi qui didicet, dare: quod medicorum est,
 Promittunt ^l medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:

^m Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.

Yet, Sir, ⁿ reflect, the mischief is not great;
 These Madmen never hurt the Church or State: 190
 Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
 And rarely ^o Avarice taints the tuneful mind.
 Allow him but his ^p plaything of a Pen,
 He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:
 * Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind; 195
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
 To ^r cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys his Garden and his Book in quiet;
 And then—a perfect Hermit in his ^s diet. 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
 Who says in verse what others say in prose:
 Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
 And (^t though no Soldier) useful to the State.
 * What will a Child learn sooner than a song? 205
 What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
 What's long or short, each accent where to place,
 And speak in public with some sort of grace.

I scarce

ⁿ Hic error tamen et levis haec infania, quantas
 Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis ^o avarus
 Non temere est animus: ^p versus amat, hoc studet unum;
 Detrimenta, * fugas servorum, incendia ridet;
 Non ^r fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam
 Pupillo? vivit filiquis, et pane secundo ^s;
 * Militiae quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi;
 Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
 * Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:

I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
 Unless he praise some Monster of a King: 210
 Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
 To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
 Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,
 Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
 And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains) 215
 No whiter page than Addison remains;
 He, ^w from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
 And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
 Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
 And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220
 Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,
 Her trade supported, and supplied her laws;
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse engrav'd,
 "The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd."
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, 225
 Stretch'd to ^x relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And ^y stretch the Ray to ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms: 230
 The ^z Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains:

How

Torquet ^w ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem;
 Mox etiam pectus praeceptis format amicis,
 Asperitatis, et invidiae corrector, et irae;
 Recte facta refert; ^y orientia tempora notis
 Instruit exemplis; ^x inopem solatur et aegrum.
 Castis cum ^z pueris ignara puella mariti

How could Devotion ^b touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work, 235
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down ^c Pope and Turk.
 The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that grace his prayer besought in vain;
 The blessing thrills through all the labouring throng,
 And ^d Heaven is won by Violence of Song. 240

Our ^e rural Ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and offerings, and a thankful strain:
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share, 245
 Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd every brow, and open'd every soul:

With

Disceret unde ^b preces, vatem ni Musa dedisset?
 Poscit opem chorus, et praesentia numina sentit;
 Coelestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
 Avertit morbos, ^c metuenda pericula pellit;
 Impetrat et pacem, et locupletem frugibus annum.
 * Carmine Di superi placantur, carmine Manes.
 * Agricolae prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum fociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus, et vino Genium memorem brevis aevi.
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem

With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
 And ^f Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250
 But Times corrupt, and ^g Nature ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the point that left a sting behind;
 Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm.
 At length, by wholesome ^h dread of statutes bound,
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
 Most warp'd to ⁱ Flattery's side; but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice. 260
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with morals what it hurts with Wit.

^k We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
 Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;

Britain

^f Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Lufit amabiliter: ^g donec jam saevus apertam
 In rabiem coepit verti jocus, et per honestas
 Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
 Dente laceffiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
 Conditione super communi: ^h quin etiam lex
 Poenaeque lata, malo quae nollet carmine quemquam
 Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
 Ad ⁱ bene dicendum, delectandumque redacti.

^k Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
 Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille

Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
 Wit grew polite, and ^l Numbers learn'd to flow.
 Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line;
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine. }
 Though still some traces of our ^m rustic vein 270
 And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation ⁿ breath'd from civil war.
 Exact ^o Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire. 275
 Not but the ^p Tragic spirit was our own,
 And full in Shakespeare, fair in Otway shone:
 But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
 And ^q fluent Shakespeare scarce effac'd a line.
 Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280
 The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.

Some

Defluxit ^l numerus Saturnius, et grave virus
 Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
 Manserunt, hodieque manent, ^m vestigia ruris.
 Serus enim Graecis admovit acumina chartis;
 Et post ⁿ Punica bella quietus quaerere coepit,
 Quid ^o Sophocles et Thespis et Aeschylus utile ferrent:
 Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset:
 Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer:
 Nam ^p spirat tragicum fatis, et feliciter audet:
 Sed ^q turpem putat inscite metuitque lituram.

Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire,
 The ^r humbler Muse of Comedy require.
 But in known Images of life, I guess
 The labour greater, as th' indulgence less^s. 285
 Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
 Tell me if ^t Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
 What pert low Dialogue has Farquhar writ!
 How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
 The stage how loosely ^u does Astræa tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinkey ^w eat with vast applause!
 But fill their ^x purse, our Poets' work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

O you! whom ^y Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!

Who

Creditur, ex ^r medio quia res arcessit, habere
 Sudoris minimum; sed habet Comoedia tanto
 Plus oneris, quanto veniae minus^s. aspice, Plautus
 Quo pacto ^t partes tutetur amantis ephebi,
 Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosi:
 Quantus sit Dossennus ^w edacibus in parasitis;
 Quam non ^u astricto percurrat pulpita socco.
 Gestit enim ^x nummum in loculos demittere: post hoc
 Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam ^y ventoso gloria curru,
 Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat:

Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.

^z Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

^a There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monster of the Pit; 305

A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd:
Who, ^b to disturb their betters mighty proud,
Clattering their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the Farce, ^c the Bear, or the Black-joke.

What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310
Ever the Taste of Mobs, but now ^d of Lords;

(Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)

The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot, ^e and horse; 315
Pageants

*Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit: ^z valeat res ludicra, si me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.*

^a *Saepe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam*

*Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores
Indocti, stolidique, et ^b depugnare parati*

*Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt
Aut ^c ursum aut pugiles: his nam plebecula gaudet.*

*Verum ^d equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, et gaudia vana.*

Quatuor aut plures aulaea premuntur in horas;

Dum fugiunt ^e equitum turmae, peditumque catervae:

Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis;

Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold and Lawn;
 The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
 With ^f laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
 Let Bear or ^g Elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the fight!
 Ah luckless ^h Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more; 325
 While all its ⁱ throats the gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
 Loud as the Wolves, on ^k Orca's stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's ^l petticoat;
 Or

Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
^f Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; seu
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
 Sive ^g elephas albus vulgi converteret ora.
 Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,
 Ut sibi praebentem mimo spectacula plura:
 Scriptores autem ^h narrare putaret asello
 Fabellam furdo. nam quae ⁱ pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
^k Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum.
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
^l Divitiaeque peregrinae: quibus ^m oblitus actor

Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
Sinks the ^m lost Actor in the tawdry load.

Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!

“But has he spoken?” Not a syllable. 335

What shook the stage, and made the people stare?

ⁿ Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, lest you think I railly more than teach,

Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,

Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340

To know the Poet from the man of rhymes:

'Tis he ^o who gives my breast a thousand pains,

Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;

Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art;

With pity, and with terror, tear my heart; 345

And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,

To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

^p But not this part of the Poetic state

Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:

Think

Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera laevae.

Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid placet ergo?

ⁿ *Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.*

Ac ne forte putes me, quae facere ipse recusam,

Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne:

Ille per extantum funem mihi posse videtur

Ire poeta; ^o meum qui pectus inaniter angit,

Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

^p *Verum age, et his, qui se lectori credere malunt,*

Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi,

Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely 350
 More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?
 How shall we fill a ^q Library with Wit,
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet? 355

My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
 We ^r Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
 The ^s season, when to come, and when to go, 360
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience just like other men.
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when, to defend
 A ^t single verse, we quarrel with a friend; 365
 Repeat ^u unask'd; ^w lament, the Wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out every line;
 But most, when, straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write Epistles to the King;

And

Curam impende brevem: si ^q munus Apolline dignum
 Vis complere libris; et vatibus addere calcar,
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

^r Multa quidem nobis facimus mala saepe poetae,

(Ut vineta egomet caedam mea) cum tibi librum

^s Sollicito damus, aut fesso: cum laedimur, ^t unum

Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum:

Cum loca jam ^u recitata revolvimus irrevocati:

Cum ^w lamentamur non apparere labores

Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
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 Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum:
 Cum loca jam ^u recitata revolvimus irrevocati:
 Cum ^w lamentamur non apparere labores

And ^x from the moment we oblige the town, 370
 Expect a place, or Pension from the Crown;
 Or, dubb'd Historians by exprefs command,
 'T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,
 Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,
 As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet ^y think, great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
 Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,
 Fit to bestow the ^z Laureat's weighty place.

^a Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

And

Nostros, et tenui deducta poemata filo:
 Cum ^x speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
 Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
 Arceffas, et egere vetes, et scribere cogas.
 Sed tamen est ^y operae pretium cognoscere, quales
 Aedituos habeat belli spectata domique
 Virtus, ^z indigno non committenda poetae.

^a Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo
 Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
 Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis se praeter Apellem
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret aera

And ^b great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
 So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385
 The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
 Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
 "No Lord's anointed, but a ^c Russian Bear."

Not with such ^d majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The Forms august, of King, or conquering Chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the manners and the Mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your ^e Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing; 395
 What ^f seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
 Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!

How

Fortis ^b Alexandri vultum simulantia. quod si
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud
 Ad libros et ad haec Musarum dona vocares;
^c Boeotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

[At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
 Munera quae multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetae;]

Nec magis expressi ^d vultus per ahenea signa,
 Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
 Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego malle
 Repentes per humum, ^e quam res componere gestas,
 Terrarumque ^f situs et flumina dicere, et arces

How ^g barbarous rage subſided at your word,
 And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
 How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
^h Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapp'd the world in ſleep;
 Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
 And ⁱ Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
 But ^k Verſe, alas! your Maſteſty diſdains;
 And I 'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains: 405
 The Zeal of ^l Fools offends at any time,
 But moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
 Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay ^m I bite.
 A vile ⁿ Encomium doubly ridicules: 410
 There 's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a ^o woful likenefs; and if lyes,
 “ Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:”

Well

Montibus impoſitas, et ^g barbara regna, tuiſque
 Auspiciis totum ^h conſecta duella per orbem,
 Clauſtraque ^h cuſtodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
 Et ⁱ formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam:
 Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque parvum
^k Carmen maſteſtas recipit tua; nec meus audet
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre reſuſent.
 Sedulitas autem ^l ſtulte, quem diligit, urget;
 Praecipue cum ſe numeris commendat et arte.
 Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod quis ^m deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
 Nil moror ⁿ officium, quod me gravat: ac neque ficto
 In ^o pejus vultu proponi cereus uſquam,

Well may he P blush, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves

415

(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eufden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)

¶ Clothe spice, line trunks, or, fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto:

Ne P rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una

Cum scriptore meo capsâ porrectus aperta,

¶ Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,

Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

BOOK II. EPISTLE II.

"Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur." HOR.

DEAR Col'nel, Cobham's and your country's
Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

 A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows, and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:

 "Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!

 "My only son; I'd have him see the world:

 "His French is pure; his Voice too—you shall hear.

 "Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.

 "More wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,

 "Your Barber, Cook, Upholsterer, what you please:

 "A perfect genius at an Opera song—

 "To say too much, might do my honour wrong.

 "Take

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,

 Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: "Hic et

 "Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,

 "Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;

 "Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;

 "Litterulis Graecis imbutus, idoneus arti

 "Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:

" Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
 " His whole ambition was to serve a Lord:
 " But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part? 15
 " Though faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
 " Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
 " And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
 " The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
 " (Could you o'erlook but that) it is, to steal." 20
 " If, after this, you took the graceful lad,
 Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
 Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away, 25
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.
^d Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went, I could not write;

You

" Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
 " Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius aequo
 " Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
 " Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in acre.
 " Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me.
 " Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)
 " In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenae:
 " Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga laedit."
 " Ille ferat pretium, poenae securus, opinor.
 Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex.
 Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniqua.
^d Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi
 Talibus officiis prope mancum; ne mea saevus

You said the same; and are you discontent
 With laws, to which you gave your own assent? 30
 Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

° In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.

This put the man in such a desperate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd, }
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind, }
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40
 Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.

"Prodigious well!" his great Commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
 Next, pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter
 (Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter); 45
 "Go

Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
 Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
 Si tamen attentas? quereris super hoc etiam, quod
 Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

° Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
 Aerumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem
 Perdiderat: post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti
 Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
 Praesidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
 Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
 Accipit et bis dena super sestertia nummum.

" Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd) see yonder walls!
 " Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
 " More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
 Don't you remember what reply he gave?
 " D'ye think me, noble General, such a Sot? 50
 " Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.
 ^f Bred up at home, full early I begun
 To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
 Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,
 The better art to know the good from bad: 55
 (And little sure imported to remove,
 'To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
 But knottier points, we knew not half so well,
 Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell;

And

Forte sub hoc tempus castellum evertere praetor
 Nescio quod cupiens, hortari coepit eundem
 Verbis, quae timido quoque possent addere mentem:
 I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fausto,
 Grandia laturus meritorum praemia: quid stas?
 Post haec ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, " Ibit,
 " Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit, inquit."

^f Romae nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
 Adiecere bonae paulo plus artis Athenae:
 Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,
 Atque inter sylvas Academi quaerere verum.
 Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato;
 Civilisque rudem belli tulit aestus in arma,
 Caesaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.

And certain Laws, by sufferers thought unjust, 60
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty William's thundering arm prevail'd.
 For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind; 65
 And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it;
 Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
 But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
 If I would scribble, rather than repose.

§ Years following years, steal something every day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away;
 In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
 In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend: 75
 This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
 If every wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?

But

Unde simul primum me demisere Philippi,
 Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni
 Et laris et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
 Ut versus facerem: sed, quod non desit, habentem,
 Quae poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutae,
 Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus?

§ Singula de nobis anni praedantur euntes;
 Eripuere jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;
 Tendunt extorquere poemata. quid faciam vis?

^h But after all, what would you have me do? 80
 When out of twenty I can please not two;
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
 One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. 85
 Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.

ⁱ But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme: can London be the place?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crouds, and courts, law, business, feasts, and friends?
 My counsel sends to execute a deed:
 A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
 In Palace-yard at nine you 'll find me there—
 At ten, for certain, Sir, in Bloomsbury-square— 95
 Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
 There 's a Rehearfal, Sir, exact at one.—

“ Oh

^h Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantiue.
 Carmine tu gaudes: hic delectatur iambis;
 Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
 Tres mihi convivae prope dissentire videntur,
 Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
 Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
 Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

ⁱ Praeter caetera me Romae ne poemata censes
 Scribere posse, inter tot curas totque labores?
 Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
 Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,

" Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
 " And raise his mind above the mob he meets."
 Not quite so well however as one ought; 100
 A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
 Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass? 105
 And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own S-r-v—nce in a Car?
 * Go, lofty Poet! and in such a croud,
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
 Alas! to Grottoes and to Groves we run, 110
 To ease and silence, every Muse's son:
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
 The

Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque.
 Intervalla vides humane commoda. " Verum
 " Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstat."
 Festinat calidis mulis gerulisque redemptor:
 Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
 Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:
 Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus.
 * I nunc, et versus tecum meditare canoros.
 Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes,
 Rite cliens Bacchi, somno gaudentis et umbra.

1 The Man, who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
 To books and study gives seven years complete,
 See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
 He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
 The boys flock round him, and the people stare: 120 }
 So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
 Stepp'd from its Pedestal to take the air!
 And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
 With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
 Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125
 Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?
 m The Temple late two brother Sergeants saw,
 Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
 With equal talents, these congenial souls,
 One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
 Each had a gravity would make you split,
 And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit.
 'Twas,

Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
 Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum?
 1 Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas defumfit Athenas,
 Et studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque
 Libris et curis, statua taciturnius exit
 Plerumque, et risu populum quatit; hic ego rerum
 Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,
 Verba lyrae motura sonum connectere digner?
 m Frater erat Romae consulti rhetor; ut alter
 Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:
 Gracchus ut hic illi foret, huic ut Mucius ille.
 Quî minus argutos vexat furor iste poetas?

'Twas, " Sir, your law"—and " Sir, your eloquence,"
 " Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's sense."

" Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135

Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.

Call Tibbald Shakespeare, and he 'll swear the Nine,

Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.

Lord! how we strut through Merlin's Cave, to see

No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140

Walk with respect behind, while we at ease

Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.

" My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,

" Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:

" Or, I 'm content, allow me Dryden's strains, 145

" And you shall rise up Otway for your pains."

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace

This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;

And

▪ Carmina compono, hic elegos; mirabile visu,
 Caelatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primum,

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
 spectemus vacuum Romanis vatibus aedem.

Mox etiam (si forte vacas) sequere, et procul audi,

Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Caedimur, et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo Alcaeus puncto illius; ille meo quis?

Quis, nisi Callimachus? si plus adposcere visus:

Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.

Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,

Cum scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto:

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
 To court applause by printing what I write: 150
 But let the fit pass o'er, I 'm wise enough
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

° In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, 155
 Each prais'd within, is happy all day long:
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The Men, who write such Verse as we can read?
 Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare,
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care, 160
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay though at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
 Such they 'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
 ¶ In downright charity revive the dead;

Mark

Idem, finitis studiis, et mente recepta,

Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures.

° *Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verum
 Gaudet scribentes, et se venerantur, et ultro,
 Si taceas, laudant; quidquid scripsere, beati.
 At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,
 Cum tabulis animum censoris fumet honesti:
 Audebit quaecunque parum splendoris habebunt,
 Et sine pondere erunt, et honore indigna ferentur,
 Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestae:
 ¶ Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
 Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,*

Mark where a bold, expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years;
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Rawleigh spake;
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For Use will father what 's begot by Sense) 170
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong, }
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue; }
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line: 175
 'Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please:
 " But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance;
 " As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."
 ¶ If such the plague and pains to write by rule, 180
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;

Call

Quae priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
 Nunc situs informis premit et deserta vetustas;
 Adsciscet nova, quae genitor produxerit usus:
 Vehemens et liquidus, puroque simillimus amni,
 Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite lingua:
 Luxuriantia compescet: nimis aspera sano
 Levabit cultu, virtute carentia tollet:
 Laudentis speciem dabit, torquebitur, ut qui
 Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
 ¶ Praetulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,
 Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,
 Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,

Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.
 There liv'd in primo Georgii (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord; 185
 Who, though the House was up, delighted fate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate :
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
 Not quite a madman, though a puffy fellow; 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short, they
 cur'd :
 Whereat the gentleman began to stare—
 My Friends! he cry'd, p-x take you for your care! 195
 That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.
 Well,

Qui se credebat miros audire tragoedos,
 In vacuo laetus sessor plausorque theatro :
 Caetera qui vitae servaret munia recto
 More; bonus sane vicinus, amabilis hospes,
 Comis in uxorem? posset qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo laeso non insanire lagenae :
 Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque relictus,
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
 Et redit ad sese: Pol me occidistis, amici,
 Non servastis, ait; cui sic extorta voluptas,
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

† Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
 Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.
 There is a time when Poets will grow dull: 200
 I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
 To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
 I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,
 Teach every thought within its bounds to roll,
 And keep the equal measure of the Soul. 205

‡ Soon as I enter at my country door,
 My mind resumes the thread it dropp'd before;
 Thoughts which at Hyde-park corner I forgot,
 Meet and rejoin me, in the Pensive Grot.
 There all alone, and compliments apart, 210
 I ask these sober questions of my heart.

† If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
 You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
 The more you want, why not with equal ease
 Confess as well your Folly, as disease? 215
 The heart resolves this matter in a trice,
 "Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

When

† Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
 Et tempestivum pueris concedere ludum;
 ‡ Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
 Sed verae numerosque modosque ediscere vitae.
 Quocirca mecum loquor haec, tacitusque recordor:

† Si tibi nulla sitim finiret copia lymphae,
 Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parasti,
 Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes?

¶ When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,
 You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
 When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place 220
 Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace;
 Look in that breast, most dirty Dean! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
 You go to church to hear these Flatterers preach. 225

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If D*** lov'd fixpence, more than he.

¶ If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 230
 A Property, that 's yours on which you live.
 Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:

All

¶ Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
 Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
 Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
 Rem Dî donarint, ille decedere pravam
 Stultitiam; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
 Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus isdem?

At si divitiae prudentem reddere possent,
 Si cupidum timidumque minus te: nempe ruberes,
 Viveret in terris, te si quis avarior uno.

¶ Si proprium est, quod quis libra mercatus et aere est,
 Quaedam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus:
 Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; et villicus Orbî,
 Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturus,

All ^x Worldly's hens, nay, partridge, fold to town;
 His venison too, a guinea makes your own: 235
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
 Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

^y Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men, 240
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,
 Buy every stick of wood that lends them heat;
 Buy every Pullet they afford to eat.
 Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the Devil o'erlooks from Lincoln-town. 245
 The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor a Perpetuity should stand:
 Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's power
^z Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
 Ready,

Te dominum sentit.

^x das nummos; accipis uvam,
 Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti: nempe modo isto
 Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
 Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emtum.
 Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?

^y Emtor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
 Emtum coenat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emtis
 Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
 Sed vocat usque suum, qua populus adfita certis
 Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
^z Sit proprium cuiquam, puncto quod mobilis horae,
 Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc sorte suprema,

Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
 Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst thou have?
 Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace) 255
 Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswood's hills to Saperton's fair dale,
 Let rising Granaries and Temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear,
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260
 Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable Death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.
^a Gold, Silver, Ivory, Vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye, 265
 There are who have not—and thank heaven there are,
 Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.
^b Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll find
 Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

Why,

Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

*Sic, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, et haeres
 Haeredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam:
 Quid vici profunt, aut horrea? quidve Calabris
 Saltibus adjecti Lucani; si metit Orcus
 Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?*

^a *Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla, tabellas,
 Argentum, vestes Gaetulo murice tinctas,*

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270
 Plows, burns, manures, and toils from sun to sun;
 The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines:
 Why one like Bu— with pay and scorn content,
 Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament; 275
 One, driven by strong Benevolence of soul,
 Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
 Is known alone to that Directing Power,
 Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
 That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280
 Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
 Various of temper, as of face or frame,
 Each individual: His great End the same.
^c Yes, Sir, how small foe'er be my heap,
 A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285
 My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
 A man so poor would live without a place:

But

Sunt qui non habeant; est qui non curat habere.

^b Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, et ungi
 Praeferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
 Dives et importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
 Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
 Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum:
 NATURAE DEUS HUMANAЕ, mortalis in unum.—
 Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

^c Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
 Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet haeres,
 Quod non plura datis invenerit. et tamen idem

But sure no statute in his favour says,
 How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days:
 I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
 Divided between carelessness and care.
 'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
 Another, not to heed to treasure more:
 Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
 And pleas'd, if fordid want be far away. 295
 ' What is 't to me (a passenger God wot)
 Whether my vessel be first-rate or not?
 The ship itself may make a better figure;
 But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger:
 I neither strut with every favouring breath, 300
 Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
 In power, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
 Behind the foremost, and before the last.

But

Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
 Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.
 Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum.
 Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
 Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
 Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.
 ' Pauperies immunda domûs procul absit: ego, utrum
 Nave ferar magna an parva, ferar unus et idem.
 Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo:
 Non tamen adversis aetatem ducimus Austris.
 Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,

& " But why all this of Avarice? I have none."
 I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone; 305
 But does no other lord it at this hour,
 As wild and mad? the Avarice of power?
 Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
 Not the black fear of death, that saddens all?
 With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne, 310
 Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
 Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
 In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
 Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
 And count each birth-day with a grateful mind? 315
 Has life no founness, drawn so near its end;
 Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
 Has age but melted the rough parts away,
 As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
 Or will you think, my friend, your business done, 320
 When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?

Learn

Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

& Non es avarus: abi. quid? caetera jam simul isto
 Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
 Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
 Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
 Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theffala rides?
 Natales grate numeras? ignoscis amicis?
 Lenior et melior sis accedente senecta?
 Quid te extrema levat spinis de pluribus una?

Learn to live will, or fairly make your will;
You 've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes tittering on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please.

Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.
Lusisti fatis, edisti fatis, atque bibisti:
Tempus abire tibi est: ne potum largius aequo
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius aetas.

From 1789 to 1791, the first Congress of the United States met in New York City. During this time, the Constitution was drafted and ratified. The first President, George Washington, was inaugurated in 1789. The first Congress passed the Judiciary Act of 1789, which established the Supreme Court and the lower federal courts. The first Supreme Court Justices were appointed in 1789. The first President, George Washington, was inaugurated in 1789. The first Congress passed the Judiciary Act of 1789, which established the Supreme Court and the lower federal courts. The first Supreme Court Justices were appointed in 1789.

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THE
S A T I R E S
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,
VERSIFIED.

" Quid vetat et nosmet Lucili scripta legentes

" Quaerere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit

" Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes

" Mollius?"

HOR.

S A T I R E II.

YES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
 This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
 Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
 One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
 That all beside, one pities, not abhors;
 As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.

I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;
 It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in:
 Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
 But that the cure is starving, all allow.
 Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,
 Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here

S A T I R E II.

SIR; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this town: yet there's one state
 In all ill things, so excellently best,
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
 Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As I think, that brings dearth and Spaniards in:
 Though like the pestilence and old-fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out; yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live:

The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15

So prompts, and saves a rogue who cannot read.

Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,

The gilded puppets dance and mount above.

Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring bellows blow:

Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the Fair: but songs no longer move;

No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:

In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,

And scorn the flesh, the devil, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get, 25

As needy beggars sing at doors for meat.

Those

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,

Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot read,

And saves his life) gives Idiot Actors means

(Starving himself) to live by 's labour'd scenes.

As in some Organs Puppits dance above,

And bellows pant below, which them do move.

One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's
charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms;

Rams and slings now are silly battery,

Pistolets are the best artillery,

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,

Are they not like fingers at doors for meat?

And they who write, because all write, have still

That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit: 30
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before;
His rank digestion makes it wit no more:
Sense, past through him, no longer is the same;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs, 35
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear;
Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears. 40
Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;

Of

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digested, doth those things out-spue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement 's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
. to out-usure Jews,
To out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;

Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence; 45
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave Impudence:
Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to pass,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50

No young divine, new-benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more positive, than he.
What further could I wish the fop to do,
But turn a wit, and scribble verses too?
Pierce the soft labyrinth of a Lady's ear 55
With rhymes of this per cent. and that per year?
Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,
Like nets or lime-twigs, for rich Widows hearts;
Call himself Barrister to every wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60

Language

Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
Of Coscus, only, breeds my just offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,
Than are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws
Like nets or lime-twigs wherefoe'er he goes

Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold
More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
Paltry and proud, as drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
If PETER deigns to help you to your own:
What thanks, what praise, if Peter but supplies!
And what a solemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when prisoners shake the head and swear
'Twas only Suretiship that brought them there. 70
His Office keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
For not in Chariots Peter puts his trust;

For

His tittle of Barrister on every wench,
And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench. * *

Words, words which would tear

The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear:
More, more than ten Slavonians scolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbeyes roar.
Then sick with Poetry, and possess'd with Muse
Thou wast, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuse
Law practice for mere gain: bold soul repute
Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
His hand still at a bill; now he must talk
Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
That only suretiship had brought them there,

For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to every Lord in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * 80
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Not more of bastardy in heirs to Crowns.
 In shillings and in pence at first they deal;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal;
 Till, like the Sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand:
 And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a Duke to Janffen punts at White's,
 Or City Heir in mortgage melts away;
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90

Piecemeal

And to every suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lye to the grave Judge; for
 Bastardy abounds not in King's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Churchmen's lives,
 As these things do in him; by these he thrives.
 Shortly (as th' sea) he 'll compass all the land,
 From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand.
 And spying heirs melting with Luxury,
 Satan will not joy at their fins as he;

Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indentures, Covenants, Articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than Civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are;
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires*: 100
 No Commentator can more flily pass
 Over a learn'd, unintelligible place:
 Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out
 Those words that would against them clear the doubt.
 So

For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the dropings and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less
 These he writes not; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
 When Luther was profest, he did desire
 Short Pater-nosters, saying as a Fryer.

So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even-song;
 But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the Power and Glory clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
 Those ancient woods, that shaded all the ground? 110
 We see no new-built palaces aspire,
 No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
 The good old landlord's hospitable door?

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115
 Some beasts were kill'd, though not whole hecatombs;

That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,
 Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;

And all mankind might that just Mean observe,
 In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.

These

Each day his Beads: but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the power and glory clause)
 But when he sells or changes land, h' impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out, *ses heires*,
 As sily as any Commentator goes by
 Hard words, or sense; or, in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the doubt.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd hereto-
 fore

Those bought lands? not built, nor burnt within door.
 Where the old landlords troops and almes? In halls
 Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bachanals

These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh ! these works are not in fashion now :
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I 've said, I trust, without offence; 125
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense,
Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw
Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now,
Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

S A T I R E IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!

I die in charity with fool and knave,

Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.

I've had my Purgatory here betimes,

5

And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.

The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,

To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,

Nor the vain itch t' admire, or be admir'd;

10

I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;

I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place:

Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;

Yet went to Court!—the Devil would have it so.

But,

S A T I R E IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My sin
Indeed is great; but yet I have been in

A Purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is

A recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been

Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,

I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,

Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go

But, as the Fool that in reforming days 15
 Would go to Mafs in jeft (as ftory fays)
 Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
 Since 'twas no form'd defign of ferving God;
 So was I punifh'd, as if full as proud,
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as falfe, as they }
 Who live at Court, for going once that way!
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
 Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
 A verier monfter, than on Afric's fhore
 The fun e'er got, or flimy Nilus bore,

Or

To Mafs in jeft, catch'd, was fain to difburfe
 Two hundred markes which is the Statutes curfe,
 Before he fcap'd; fo it pleas'd my deftiny
 (Guilty of my fin of going) to think me
 As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
 ful, as proud, luftfull, and as much in debt,
 As vain, as witlefs, and as falfe, as they
 Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I fuffer'd this; towards me did run
 A thing more ftrange, than on Nile's flime the Sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
 A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:

Or Sloane or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.

The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
At night would swear him dropp'd out of the Moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make

A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35

And the wise Justice starting from his chair

Cry, By your Priesthood tell me what you are?

Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
Though coarse, was reverend, and though bare, was
black:

The suit, if by the fashion one might guess, 40

Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,

But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;

So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!

Our

Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,

Than Africk Monsters, Guianaes rarities,

Stranger than strangers: one who, for a Dane,

In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,

If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,

When next the Prentices 'gainst strangers rise;

One, whom the watch at noon lets scarce go by;

One, to whom th' examining Justice sure would cry,

Sir, by your Priesthood, tell me what you are?

His cloaths were strange, though coarse, and black,
though bare,

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been

Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)

Become Tufftaffaty; and our children shall

See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away. 45

This thing has travell'd, and speaks language too,
And knows what 's fit for every state to do;
Of whose best phrase and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I 've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew, 50
Henley himself I 've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's wormwood style, the Mash of tongues
A Pedant makes, the storm of Gonsion's lungs,
The whole Artillery of the terms of War,
And (all those Plagues in one) the bawling Bar; 55
These I could bear; but not a rogue so civil,
Whose tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat Widows, cancel scores,
Make Scots speak treason, cozen subtlest whores,
With

The thing hath travail'd, and faith, speaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my tast;
But pedants motly tongue, soldiers bumbast,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this; yet I must be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,

With royal Favourites in flattery vie, 60
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He spies me out; I whisper, Gracious God!
What sin of mine could merit such a rod?
That all the shot of dulness now must be
From this thy blunderbuss discharg'd on me! 65

Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame
To crave your sentiment, if ——'s your name.
What Speech esteem you most? "The King's," said I.
But the best words?—"O Sir, the Dictionary."

You miss my aim! I mean the most acute 70
And perfect Speaker?—"Onslow, past dispute."
But, Sir, of writers? "Swift, for closer style,
"But Hoadly for a period of a mile."

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass:
Good common linguists, and so Panurge was; 75
Nay

Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me; I whisper, God,
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
This fellow, chuseth me! He saith, Sir,
I love your Judgment, whom do you prefer
For the best Linguist? and I feelily
Said that I thought Calepines Dictionary.

Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were

Nay troth th' Apostles (though perhaps too rough)
 Had once a pretty gift of Tongues enough:
 Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
 Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus, others talents having nicely shown,
 He came by sure transition to his own:
 Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
 Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
 For had they found a linguist half so good,
 I make no question but the Tower had stood.

80

"Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made:
 "Why then for ever bury'd in the shade?
 "Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
 "The King would smile on you—at least the Queen."
 Ah, gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajole us—
 But Tully has it, "Nunquam minus solus:"

85

90

And

Good pretty Linguists; so Panurgus was.
 Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass
 By travail. 'Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
 'That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 'Time enough to have been Interpreter
 To Babel's Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.

He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneless. I said, Not alone
 My lonesomeness is; but Spartanes fashion
 To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
 Now, Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;

And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
 No lessons now are taught the Spartan way:
 Though in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
 Few are the Converts Aretine has made; 95
 And though the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
 None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
 Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies;
 "Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
 "To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
 Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs! said I,
 He dwells amidst the Royal Family;
 He every day from King to King can walk,
 Of all Harries, all our Edwards talk; 105
 And get, by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
 What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.
 " Lord,

No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
 Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lutestring squeaks, O Sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
 Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
 And for his price, doth with whoever comes
 Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
 From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
 Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
 Kings only: the way to it is Kings-street.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.

" Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! strangely low,
 " And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.
 " How elegant your Frenchmen!" Mine, d'ye mean?
 I have but one; I hope the fellow's clean.
 " Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me die,
 " Your only wearing is your Paduasoy."
 Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,
 And this you see is but my dishabille— 115
 Wild to get loose, his patience I provoke,
 Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.
 But as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
 And itch most hurts when anger'd to a sore;
 So when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse, 120
 You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o'er; affects an easy smile
 At all my peevishness, and turns his style.
 He asks, " What news?" I tell him of new Plays,
 New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125
 He

Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
 Certes they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
 Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse: So, I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
 He to another key his style doth dress;

He hears, and as a Still with simples in it,
 Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,
 Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
 By little, and by little, drops his lies.
 Mere household trash! of birthnights, balls, and shows,
 More than ten Hollinsheds, or Halls, or Stows.
 When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows; and what
 A subtle Minister may make of that:
 Who sins with whom: who got his Pension rug,
 Or quicken'd a Reversion by a drug: 135
 Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore:
 Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a Government:
 Who, in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140
 And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
 Who

 Who

And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
 He takes my hand, and as a Still, which stayes
 A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
 More than ten Hollensheds, or Halls, or Stows,
 Of trivial household trash: He knows, he knows
 When the Queen frown'd or smil'd; and he knows what
 A subtle Statesman may gather of that:
 He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
 Halts to an officer's reversion;
 Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horse, he notes;
 Who loveth whores

Who makes a Trust of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob :
Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor Clown
Can gratis see the country, or the town :
Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
But some excising Courtier will have toll.
He tells what Strumpet places sells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what Citizen his wife :
At last (which proves him wiser still than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and fore,
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more:
Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Postboys o'er by heart.

Like

He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
Shells to transport;

shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some Courtier; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet
 He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say Gallo Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all States and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.

Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I figh, and sweat.
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels every Man;
 Swears every place entail'd for years to come, 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom:
 He names the price for every office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd;
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall headlong into beasts,
 Than mine to find a subject stay'd and wife
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.

I felt

Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail: so I figh, and sweat
 To hear this Makaron talk: in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of every office paid;
 He saith our wars thrive ill, because delaid;
 That Offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day; and that great officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.
 I more amaz'd than Circe's prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then

I felt th' infection slide from him to me;
 As in the pox, some give it to get free;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.

170

In that nice Moment, as another Lye
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by.
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.

175

I quak'd

Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw
 To suck me in for hearing him: I found
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow found
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did show
 All signs of loathing; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear; but th' hower
 Of mercy was now come: he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine to 'scape a torturing,
 And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as ransom; but as fiddlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jigg upon you: so did he
 With his long complimental thanks vex me.

I quak'd at heart; and, still afraid to see 180
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast as one that pays his bail,
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of Sense; 185
 Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings!
 'There sober thought pursued th' amusing theme,
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.

A Vision hermits can to Hell transport, 190
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.
 Not Dante, dreaming all th' infernal state,
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me: 195
 Shall

But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the Prerogative of my Crown; scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
 Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
 Who fears more actions, doth hast from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness
 My piteous soul began the wretchedness
 Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
 Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
 Itself o'er me; such men as he saw there
 I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear

Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth! shall I quit thee
 For huffing, braggart, puff Nobility?
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier sort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court?
 Now pox on those who show a Court in wax!
 It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
 Such painted puppets! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gewgaws, only dress and face!

200

205

Such

Becomes the guilty, not the accuser: Then,
 Shall I, none's slave, of highborn or rais'd men
 Fear frowns: and my mistress Truth, betray thee
 For th' huffing, braggart, puff nobility?
 No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been
 Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
 O sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
 Such as swells the bladder of our court? I
 Think he which made your Waxen garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us, at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
 Taste have in them, ours are; and natural
 Some of the stocks are; their fruits bastard all.

Such waxen noses, stately staring things—
No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the British youth, engag'd no more,
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
All fresh and fragrant, to the drawing-room; 215
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,

As the fair fields they sold to look so fine.

"That 's velvet for a King!" the flatterer swears;

'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.

Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220

That helps it both to fool's-coats and to fools.

And why not players strut in courtiers clothes?

For these are actors too, as well as those:

Wants reach all states: they beg but better dress,

And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted

'Tis ten a Clock and past; all whom the mues,

Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews

Had all the morning held, now the second

Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found

In the Prefence, and I (God pardon me)

As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be

Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king

Those hose are, cry the flatterers: and bring

Them next week to the theatre to sell.

Wants reach all states: me seems they do as well

At stage, as courts: all are players. Whoe'er looks

(For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,

Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochinnell,
 Sail in the Ladies: how each pirate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him:
 "Dear Countess! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
 And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!"
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
 'Twould burst even Heraclitus with the spleen,
 To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
 The Prefence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools!
 Adjust

Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
 The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel)
 The men board them: and praise (as they think) well,
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
 She fears her drugs ill lay'd, her hair loose set.
 Wouldn't Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,

Adjust their cloaths, and to confession draw
Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw:
But oh! what terrors must distract the soul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole; 245
Or should one pound of powder less bespread
Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head!
Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatness itself impertinent in him.

Let

As if the Presence were a Mosque; and lift
His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
Making them confess not only mortal
Great stains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules survey the state
Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with such nicety
As a young Preacher at his first time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
And unto her protests, protests, protests,
So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the Inquisition;

Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest:
 Prodigious! how the things protest, protest! 255
 Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your Jesu! Jesu!

Nature made every Fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one Beauty mortifies another.
 But here's the Captain that will plague them both, 260
 Whose air cries Arm! whose very look's an oath:
 The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Though his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right; his haughty chest before,
 Like battering rams, beats open every door: 265
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hangdogs in old Tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse:

Confounds

And whispers by Jesu so oft, that a
 Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying our Lady's Psalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious that will plague 'em both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelessness good fashion:
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
 He meant to cry; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still

Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

270

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from Jails to execution go;

For hung with deadly fins I see the wall,
 And lin'd with Giants deadlier than them all:

275

Each Man an Askapart, of strength to tofs
 For quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.
 Scar'd at the grizly forms, I sweat, I fly,
 And shake all o'er, like a discover'd spy.

Courts are too much for wits so weak as mine: 280
 Charge them with Heaven's Artillery, bold Divine!
 From such alone the Great rebukes endure,
 Whose Satire's sacred, and whose rage secure:

'Tis

He strives to look worfe; he keeps all in awe;
 Jest's like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tir'd, now, I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from gaols to execution go,

Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung,
 With these seven deadly fins?) being among

Those Askaparts, men big enough to throw
 Charing-crofs, for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
 Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.

I shook like a spied Spie—Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the fins of this place, but as for me
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be

'Tis mine to wash a few light stains; but theirs
To deluge sin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er, what 's now Apocrypha, my Wit,
In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ.

285

To wash the stains away: Although I yet
(With Maccabees modesty) the known merit
Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall,
I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

E P I L O G U E
TO THE
S A T I R E S.
IN TWO DIALOGUES.

Written in MDCCXXXVIII.

D I A L O G U E I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel— 5
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, " Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"

V A R I A T I O N S.

After ver. 2, in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like Sir Paul, you 'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

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U

And

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
 "To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter." 10
 But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
 Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of Vice:
 Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
 Blunt could do Business, Higgins knew the Town;
 In Sappho touch the Failings of the Sex, 15
 In reverend Bishops note some small Neglects,
 And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.
 His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
 An artful Manager, that crept between
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen.
 But 'faith your very Friends will soon be fore;
 Patriots there are, who wish you 'd jest no more—
 And where 's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25
 The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
 Go see Sir ROBERT—

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
 And never laugh—for all my life to come?
 Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
 Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Power; 30
 Seen him, uncumber'd with a Venal tribe,
 Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
 Would he oblige me! let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
 Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt; 35
 The only difference is, I dare laugh out.

F. Why

F. Why yes: with Scripture still you may be free;
A Horse-laugh, if you please, at Honesty;
A Joke on Jekyll, or some odd Old Whig,
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig; 40
A Patriot is a Fool in every age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,
And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, "Who 's the Man, so near 45
"His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"

Why answer LYTTELTON; and I'll engage
The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case. 50
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest FLEURY,
But well may put some Statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are sore, 55
So much the better, you may laugh the more.

To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Sense and Virtue balance all again. 60

Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmless Characters that no one hit; 65
Come, Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit!

'The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The Flowers of Bubo, and the Flow of Young!
 The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
 And all the well-whipp'd Cream of Courtly Sense, 70
 That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then,
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
 O come, that easy Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, though the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!
 'Then might I sing, without the least offence,
 And all I sung should be the Nation's Sense;
 Or teach the Melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
 All parts perform'd, and all her Children blest!
 So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
 No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
 And let, a God's name, every Fool and Knave 85
 Be grac'd through life, and flatter'd in his Grave.
 F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place,
 You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace:
 For Merit will by turns forsake them all;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave De—re.
 Silent and soft, as Saints remov'd to Heaven,
 All Ties dissolv'd, and every Sin forgiven,
 These may some gentle ministerial Wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a King!

There,

There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court;
 There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friend's disgrace
 Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place:
 But past the Sense of human Miseries,
 All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
 No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,
 Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heaven forbid, that I should blast their glory,
 Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
 And when three Sovereigns dy'd, could scarce be vex'd,
 Considering what a gracious Prince was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
 As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings; 110
 And at a Peer, or Peerefs, shall I fret,
 Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt?
 Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
 But shall the dignity of Vice be lost?
 Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115
 Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwore a Duke?
 A Favourite's Porter with his Master vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
 Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will? 120
 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things)
 To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?

VARIATION.

Ver. 112, in some editions:

Who starves a Mother—

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man ;
 And so mayst thou, illustrious Passeran !
 But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 125
 Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife?
 This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear ;
 Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care :
 This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
 And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on Gin. 130
 Let modest Foster, if he will, excell
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well ;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
 Outdo Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life :
 Let humble Allen, with an aukward Shame, 135
 Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame ;
 Virtue may choose the high or low Degree,
 'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me ;
 Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
 She 's still the same belov'd, contented thing. 140
 Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
 And stoops from Angels to the dregs of Earth :
 But 'tis the Fall degrades her to a Whore ;
 Let Greatness own her, and she 's mean no more,
 Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,
 Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless ;
 In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws ;
 Mourts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal Car,
 Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd

Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all livery'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet through the land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Power,
'Tis Avarice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is sacred now but Villainy." 170
Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

E P I L O G U E
TO THE
S A T I R E S.

Written in M D C C X X V I I I.

D I A L O G U E II.

FR. 'TIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith
it may;

And for that very cause I print to-day.
How should I fret to mangle every line,
In reverence to the Sins of Thirty-nine!
Vice with such Giant-strides comes on amain,
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising Genius sins up to my Song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash; 10
Even Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash.
Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire! general, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and souce on all the kind. 15
Ye Stateimen, Priests, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradefmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye reverend Atheists. F. Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that 's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who

Who starv'd a Sister, who foreswore a Debt, 20
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.

The poisoning Dame— F. You mean— P. I don't.—
F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?

Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,

Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?

Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30

As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—

To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? no; his Fortune is not made,

You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to day,

Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.

Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched Wild;

Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40

Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you, (for the Love of Vice!)

The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;

Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,

The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45

Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe

Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.

Then

Then better sure it Charity becomes
 To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
 Still better, Ministers; or, if the thing
 May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King. 50

F. Stop! stop!

P. Must Satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
 Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
 Who now that obsolete Example fears?
 Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What, always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,
 You make men desperate, if they once are bad:
 Else might he take to Virtue some years hence— 60

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the Prince.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the Man?
 God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.
 When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,
 And melts to Goodness, need I Scarborough name? 65
 Pleas'd let me own, in Esther's peaceful Grove
 (Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's Love)
 The Scene, the Master, opening to my view,
 I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert: 70
 Secker is decent; Rundel has a Heart;
 Manners with Candour are to Benson given;
 To Berkley, every Virtue under Heaven.

But does the Court a worthy Man remove?
 That instant, I declare, he has my Love: 75

I shun

I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
 Thus Sommers once, and Halifax, were mine.
 Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,
 I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great;
 Carleton's calm Sense, and Stanhope's noble Flame, 80
 Compar'd, and knew their generous End the same:
 How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
 How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tower!
 How can I Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
 While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit: 85
 Argyll, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the Senate and the Field:
 Or Wyndham, just to Freedom and the Throne,
 The Master of our Passions, and his own?
 Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain, 90
 Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their
 Train;

And if yet higher the proud List should end,
 Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays:
 I follow Virtue; where she shines, I praise; 95
 Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the Man of Rofs, or my Lord Mayor.
 Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
 Have still a secret Byass to a Knave:
 To find an honest man, I beat about;
 And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.
 F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not

P. Not so fierce;
 Find you the Virtue, and I 'll find the Verse. 105
 But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done:
 Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,
 Each Widow asks it for the Best of Men,
 For him she weeps, for him she weds again.
 Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground: 110
 The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
 Enough for half the Greatest of these days,
 To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.
 Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
 Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115
 What Richelieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain,
 And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain.
 No Power the Muse's Friendship can command;
 No Power, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:
 To Cato, Virgil paid one honest line; 120
 O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
 —What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no sin,
 I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
 P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about. 125
 F. They too may be corrupted, you 'll allow?
 P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.
 Is that too little? Come then, I 'll comply—
 Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie.
 Cobham's a Coward, Polwarth is a Slave; 130
 And Lyttelton a dark, designing Knave;
 St. John has ever been a mighty Fool—
 But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull,

Has

Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
O all-accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spur-gall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt? 145

Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchets Lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day, 150
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent General turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd, he 'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155
Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold, Sir! for God's sake, where's th' Affront to you?
Against your worship when had S—k writ?

Ur P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend 160
[In Power a Servant, out of Power a Friend]

To W—le guilty of some venial sin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The

The Priest whose Flattery bedropt the Crown,
 How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown. 165
 And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
 Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
 P. Faith it imports not much from whom it came;
 Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame, }
 Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
 Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply,
 As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;
 If one; through Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
 Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
 From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
 The last full fairly gives it to the House. 180
 F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
 Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does Flattery mine:
 And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
 Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
 But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
 Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read,
 In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
 But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;

VARIATION.

Ver. 185, in the MS.

I grant it, Sir; and further 'tis agreed,
 Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

And

DIAL. II. EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

303

And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own? 190

Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?

No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,
Without a staring Reason on his brows?

And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
Because the insult 's not on Man, but God?

Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my friend, and should be yours.

Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;
Mine, as a Friend to every worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You 're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave:

So impudent, I own myself no Knave:

So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.

Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see

Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, 210

Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,

Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!

To all but Heaven-directed hands deny'd,

The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:

Reverent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;

To rouse the Watchmen of the Public Weal,

To

To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
 And goad the Prelate slumbering in his Stall.
 Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains, 220
 That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
 Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
 The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
 All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
 All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.
 All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
 Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a public Cause,
 A Monarch's Sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
 Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar, 230
 Not Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.

Not so, when, diadem'd with rays divine,
 Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from Virtue's Shrine,
 Her Priestess Muse forbids the Good to die,
 And opes the Temple of Eternity. 235
 There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
 Than such as Anstis casts into the Grave;

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 227, in the MS.

Where 's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?
 —With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.
 Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
 How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
 Hence, lying miracles! reduc'd so low
 As to the regal-touch and papal-toe;
 Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
 Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

Far

Far other Stars than * and * * wear,
 And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
 (Such as on Hough's unfully'd Mitre shine, 240
 Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
 Let Envy howl, while Heaven's whole Chorus sings,
 And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings;
 Let Flattery sickening see the Incense rise,
 Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies: 245
 Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law;
 Here, last of Britons! let your Names be read; 250
 Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead,
 And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
 Fall by the Votes of their degenerate Line.

F. Alas, alas! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more Essays on Man. 255

IMITATIONS

OF

HORACE.

X₂

EPISTLE

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E P I S T L E VII.

Imitated in the Manner of Dr. SWIFT.

THIS true, my Lord, I gave my word,
 I would be with you, June the third;
 Chang'd it to August, and (in short)
 Have kept it—as you do at Court.
 You humour me when I am sick, 5
 Why not when I am splenetick?
 In town, what Objects could I meet?
 The shops shut up in every street,
 And Funerals blackening all the Doors,
 And yet more melancholy Whores: 10
 And what a dust in every place!
 And a thin Court that wants your Face,
 And Fevers raging up and down,
 And W* and H** both in Town!

“ The

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,
 Sextilem totum mendax desideror. atqui,
 Si me vivere vis sanum recteque valentem;
 Quam mihi das aegro, dabis aegrotare timenti,
 Maecenas, veniam: dum ficus prima calorque
 Designatorum decorat hictoribus atris:
 Dum pueris omnis pater, et matercula pallet;
 Officiosaque sedulitas, et opella forensis
 Adducit febres, et testamenta resignat.

"The dog-days are no more the case."
 'Tis true, but Winter comes apace:
 Then southward let your Bard retire,
 Hold out some Months 'twixt Sun and Fire,
 And you shall see, the first warm Weather,
 Me and the Butterflies together.

My Lord, your Favours well I know;
 'Tis with Distinction you bestow;
 And not to every one that comes,
 Just as a Scotsman does his Plums.
 "Pray take them, Sir—Enough 's a Feast:
 "Eat some, and pocket up the rest"—
 What, rob your Boys? those pretty rogues!
 "No, Sir, you 'll leave them to the Hogs."
 Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye,
 Contriving never to oblige ye.
 Scatter your favours on a Fop,
 Ingratitude 's the certain crop;

Quod si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris;
 Ad mare descendet vates tuus, et sibi parcat,
 Contractusque leget; te, dulcis amice, revifet
 Cum Zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine prima.

Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes.
 Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere fodes.
 Jam satis est. At tu quantumvis tolle. Benigne.
 Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.
 Tam teneor dono, quam si dimittar onustus.
 Ut libet: haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.
 Prodigus et stultus donat quae spernit et odit:

And 'tis but just, I 'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.

A wise man always is or should

35

Be mighty ready to do good;

But makes a difference in his thought

Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat.

Now this I 'll say, you 'll find in me

A safe Companion and a free;

40

But if you 'd have me always near—

A word, pray, in your Honour's ear.

I hope it is your Resolution

To give me back my Constitution!

The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye,

45

Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety,

That laugh'd down many a Summer Sun,

And kept you up so oft till one:

And all that voluntary Vein,

As when Belinda rais'd my Strain.

50

A

Haec seges ingratos tulit et feret omnibus annis.

Vir bonus et sapiens, dignis ait esse paratum!

Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent aera lupinis?

Dignum praestabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.

Quod si me noles usquam discedere; reddes

Forte latus, nigros angusta fronte capillos:

Reddes dulce loqui: reddes ridere decorum, et

Inter vina fugam Cynarae moerere protervae.

Forte per angustam tenuis vulpecula rimam

Repserat in cumeram frumenti: pastaque, rursus

Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.

A Weazel once made shift to flink
 In at a Corn-loft through a Chink;
 But having amply stuff'd his skin,
 Could not get out as he got in;
 Which one belonging to the Houfe
 ('Twas not a Man, it was a Moufe)
 Obferving, cry'd, " You 'scape not fo,
 " Lean as you came, Sir, you muft go."

Sir, you may fpare your Application,
 I 'm no fuch Beaft, nor his Relation;
 Nor one that Temperance advance,
 Cramm'd to the Throat with Ortolans:
 Extremely ready to refign
 All that may make me none of mine.
 South-fea Subfcriptions take who pleafe,
 Leave me but Liberty and Eafe.
 'Twas what I faid to Craggs and Child,
 Who prais'd my Modesty, and fmil'd.
 Give me, I cry'd, (enough for me)
 My Bread, and Independency!
 So bought an Annual-rent or two,
 And liv'd — juft as you fee I do;

55

60

65

70

Near

Cui mustela procul, Si vis, ait, effugere istinc,
 Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti.
 Hac ego si compellar imagine, cuncta resigno;
 Nec somnum plebis laudo fatur altitium, nec
 Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.
 Saepe verecundum laudasti: Rexque, Paterque
 Audisti coram, nec verbo parcius absens:

Near fifty, and without a Wife,
 I trust that Sinking Fund, my Life.
 Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
 Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,
 A little House, with Trees a-row,
 And, like its Master, very low.
 There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,
 And there I 'll die, nor worse nor better.
 To set this matter full before ye,
 Our old friend Swift will tell his Story.
 "Harley, the nation's great support—"
 But you may read it, I stop short.

75

80

Inspice, si possum donata reponere laetus.

* * * * *

Parvum parva decent. mihi jam non regia Roma,
 Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbelle Tarentum.
 Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
 Clarus, &c.

The latter Part of SATIRE VI.*

O Charming Noons! and Nights divine!
 Or when I sup, or when I dine,
 My Friends above, my Folks below, 135
 Chatting and laughing all-a-row,
 The Beans and Bacon set before 'em,
 The Grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
 Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
 And even the very Dogs at ease! 140
 Here no man prates of idle things,
 How this or that Italian sings,
 A Neighbour's Madnefs, or his Spouse's,
 Or what 's in either of the Houses:
 But something much more our concern, 145
 And quite a scandal not to learn:
 Which is the happier, or the wifer,
 A man of Merit, or a Miser?

Whether

O noctes coenaeque Deûm! quibus ipse meique,
 Ante Larem proprium vescor, vernasque procaces
 Pasco libatis dapibus: cum, ut cuique libido est,
 Siccat inaequales calices conviva, solutus
 Legibus insanis: seu quis capit acria fortis
 Pocula; seu modicis uvescit laetius. ergo
 Sermo oritur, non de villis domibusve alienis,
 Nec male necne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad nos
 Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus; utrumne

* See the first part in Swift's Poems.

Whether we ought to chuse our Friends,
 For their own Worth, or our own Ends? 150
 What good, or better, we may call,
 And what, the very best of all?

Our Friend Dan Prior told (you know)
 A Tale extremely "à propos:"
 Name a Town Life, and in a trice 155
 He had a Story of two Mice.

Once on a time (so runs the Fable)
 A Country Mouse, right hospitable,
 Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,
 Just as a Farmer might a Lord. 160

A frugal Mouse, upon the whole,
 Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,
 Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
 On just occasion, "coûte qui coûte."
 He brought him Bacon (nothing lean); 165
 Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;

Cheese,

Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati:

Quidve ad amicitias, usus rectumne, trahat nos:

Et quae sit natura boni, summumque quid ejus.

Cervius haec inter vicinus garrit aniles

Ex re fabellas. si quis nam laudat Arelli

Solicitas ignarus opes; sic incipit: Olim

Rusticus urbanum murem mus paupere fertur

Accepisse cavo, veterem vetus hospes amicum;

Asper, et attentus quaefitis; ut tamen arctum

Solveret hospitii animum, quid multa? neque illi

Sepositi ciceris, nec longae invidit avenae:

Cheefe, fuch as men in Suffolk make,
 But wifh'd it Stilton for his fake;
 Yet, to his Gueft though no way fparing,
 He eat himfelf the rind and paring. 170
 Our Courtier fcarce could touch a bit,
 But fhew'd his Breeding and his Wit;
 He did his beft to feem to eat,
 And cry'd, " I vow you 're mighty neat.
 " But Lord, my Friend, this favage Scene! 175
 " For God's fake, come, and live with Men:
 " Confider, Mice, like Men, muft die,
 " Both fmall and great, both you and I:
 " Then fpend your life in Joy and Sport,
 " (This doctrine, Friend, I learn'd at Court)." 180
 The verieft Hermit in the Nation
 May yield, God knows, to ftrong temptation.

Away

Aridum et ore ferens acinum, femefaque lardi
 Frufta dedit, cupiens varia faftidia coena
 Vincere tangentis male fingula dente superbo:
 Cum pater ipfe domus palea porrectus in horna
 Effet ador loliumque, dapis meliora relinquens.
 Tandem urbanus ad hunc, Quid te juvat, inquit, amice,
 Praerupti nemoris patientem vivere dorfo?
 Vin' tu homines urbemque feris praeponere fylvis
 Carpe viam (mihi crede) comes: terrestria quando
 Mortales animas vivunt fortita, neque ulla est,
 Aut magno aut parvo, leti fuga. quo, bone, circa,
 Dum licet, in rebus jucundis vive beatus:
 Vive memor quam fis aevi brevis. Haec ubi dicta

Away they came, through thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn:

('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordships had fate late.)

185

Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Description, he might show it;
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls,
And tips with Silver all the walls;

190

Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grottesco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,

The Moon was up, and Men-a-bed,

The Napkin's white, the Carpet red:

195

The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice fate, "tête à tête."

Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;

Tells all their names, lays down the law,

200

"Que ça est bon! Ah goûtez ça!"

" That

Agrestem pepulere, domo levis exfilit: inde
Ambo propositum peragunt iter, urbis aventes
Moenia nocturni subrepere. jamque tenebat
Nox medium coeli spatium, cum ponit uterque
In locuplete domo vestigia: rubro ubi cocco
Tincta super lectos canderet vestis eburnos;
Multaque de magna superessent fercula coena,
Quae procul exstructis inerant hesternæ canistris.
Ergo ubi purpurea porrectum in veste locavit
Agrestem; veluti fuccinctus cursitat hospes,

- " That Jelly 's rich, this Malmsey healing,
 " Pray dip your Whiskers and your Tail in."
 Was ever such a happy Swain?
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again. 205
 " I 'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
 " To eat so much—but all 's so good.
 " I have a thousand thanks to give—
 " My Lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the Hall 210
 Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
 " A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door"—
 The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
 O for the heart of Homer's Mice,
 Or Gods to save them in a trice! 215
 (It was by Providence they think,
 For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)
 " An't please your Honour, quoth the Peasant,
 " This same Dessert is not so pleasant:
 " Give me again my hollow Tree, 220
 " A Crust of Bread, and Liberty!"

Continuatque dapes: nec non verniliter ipsis
 Fungitur officiis, praelambens omne quod affert.
 Ille cubans gaudet mutata sorte, bonisque
 Rebus agit laetum convivam: cum subito ingens
 Valvarum strepitus lectis excussit utrumque.
 Currere per totum pavidi conclave; magisque
 Exanimes trepidare, simul domus alta Molossis
 Personuit canibus. tum rusticus, Haud mihi vita
 Est opus hac, ait, et valeas: me sylva, cavusque
 Tutus ab insidiis tenui solabitur ervo.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.

TO VENUS.

A GAIN? new Tumults in my breast?
 Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest!
 I am not now, alas! the man
 As in the gentle Reign of my Queen Anne.
 Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms!
 Mother too fierce of dear Desires!
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
 To Number five direct your Doves,
 There spread round Murray all your blooming Loves;
 Noble

Ad VENEREM.

I NTERMISSA, Venus, diu
 Rursus bella moves? parce precor, precor.
 Non sum qualis eram bonae
 Sub regno Cynarae. desine, dulcium
 Mater faeva Cupidinum,
 Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus
 Jam durum imperiis: abi
 Quo blandae juvenum te revocant preces.
 Tempestivius in domum
 Paulli, purpureis ales oloribus,

Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With every sprightly, every decent part;
 Equal, the injur'd to defend,
 To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend.
 He, with a hundred Arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind:
 To him each Rival shall submit,
 Make but his Riches equal to his Wit.
 Then shall thy Form the Marble grace,
 (Thy Grecian Form) and Chloe lend the Face:
 His House, embosom'd in the Grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene:
 Thither the silver-sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires;
There,

Commissabere Maximi;
 Si torrere jecur quaeris idoneum.
 Namque et nobilis, et decens,
 Et pro sollicitis non tacitus reis,
 Et centum puer artium,
 Late signa feret militiae tuae.
 Et, quandoque potentior
 Largis muneribus riserit aemuli,
 Albanos prope te lacus
 Ponet marmoream sub trabe citrea.
 Illic plurima naribus
 Duces thura; lyraque et Berecynthiae

There, every Grace and Muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song;
 There Youths and Nymphs, in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas! those joys are o'er;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,
 The still-believing, still renew'd desire;
 Adieu! the heart-expanding bowl,
 And all the kind Deceivers of the soul!
 But why? ah tell me, ah too dear!
 Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee?
 Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy beam,
 Absent I follow through th' extended Dream;

Now

Delectabere tibia
 Mixtis carminibus, non sine fistula.
 Illic bis pueri die
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
 Laudantes, pede candido
 In morem Salium ter quatient humum.
 Me nec femina, nec puer
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
 Nec certare juvat mero,
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
 Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur
 Manat rara meas lacryma per genas?

Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
 And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my arms;
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
 Or softly glide by the Canal,
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Cur facunda parum decoro
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?
 Nocturnis te ego somniis
 Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor
 Te per gramina Martii
 Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.

Part of the NINTH ODE
Of the FOURTH BOOK.

A F R A G M E N T.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
Which sounds the Silver Thames along,
Taught on the wings of Truth to fly
Above the reach of vulgar song ;
Though daring Milton fits sublime,
In Spenser native Muses play ;
Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—
Sages and Chiefs long since had birth
Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd ;

These,

NE forte credas interitura, quæ
Longe sonantem natus ad Aufidum
Non ante vulgatas per artes
Verba loquor focianda chædis ;

Non, si priores Maeonius tenet
Sedes Homerus, Pindaricæ latent
Cæaque, et Alcaei minaces
Stesichorique graves Camenæ :

Nec si quid olim lussit Anacreon,
Delevit ætas : spirat adhuc amor,

Then rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth,
And Those, new Heavens and Systems fram'd.

Vain was the Chief's, the Sage's pride!
They had no Poet, and they died:
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled!
They had no Poet, and are dead.

Vivuntque commissi calores
Aeoliae fidibus puellae.
Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona
Multi; sed omnes illacrymabiles
Urgentur ignotique longa
Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.

M I S C E L L A N I E S.

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O N

Receiving from the Right Hon. the Lady

FRANCES SHIRLEY,

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
 Descend in all her sober charms;
 " And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
 " Take at this hand celestial arms.

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
 " This golden lance shall guard Desert,
 " And if a Vice dares keep the field,
 " This steel shall stab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
 Receiv'd the weapons of the sky;
 And dipp'd them in the fable Well,
 The Fount of Fame or Infamy.

" What Well? what Weapon? (Flavia cries)
 " A standish, steel and golden pen!
 " It came from Bertrand's, not the skies;
 " I gave it you to write again.

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
 " You'll bring a house (I mean of Peers)
 " Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
 " L—— and all about your ears.

" You 'd write as smooth again on glass,

" And run, on ivory, so glib,

" As not to stick at fool or ass,

" Nor stop at Flattery or Fib.

" Athenian Queen! and sober charms!

" I tell you, fool, there 's nothing in 't:

" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms;

" In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

" Come, if you 'll be a quiet soul,

" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,

" I 'll list you in the harmless roll

" Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

E P I S T L E

T O

ROBERT EARL OF OXFORD,
AND EARL MORTIMER,

SENT to the Earl of Oxford with Dr. Parnell's Poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower, and Retreat into the Country, in the year 1721.

SUCH were the notes thy once-lov'd Poet sung,
Till Death untimely stopp'd his tuneful tongue.
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!
With softest manners, gentlest arts adorn'd!
Blest in each science, blest in every strain! 5
Dear to the Muse! to Harley dear—in vain!

For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,
Fond to forget the statesman in the friend;
For Swift and him, despis'd the farce of state,
The sober Follies of the wise and great; 10
Dextrous, the craving, fawning crowd to quit,
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit.

Absent or dead, still let a friend be dear,
(A sigh the absent claims, the dead a tear)
Recall those nights that clos'd thy toilsome days, 15
Still hear thy Parnell in his living lays,
Who, careless now of Interest, Fame, or Fate,
Perhaps forgets that Oxford e'er was great;

Or,

Or, deeming meanest what we greatest call,
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall.

20

And sure, if aught below the seats divine
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine:
A Soul Supreme, in each hard instance try'd,
Above all Pain, and Passion, and all Pride,
The rage of Power, the blast of public breath,
The lust of Lucre, and the dread of Death.

25

In vain to Deserts thy retreat is made;
The Muse attends thee to thy silent shade:
'Tis her's, the brave man's latest steps to trace,
Re-judge his acts, and dignify disgrace.
When Interest calls off all her sneaking train,
And all th' oblig'd desert, and all the vain;
She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the cell,
When the last lingering friend has bid farewell.
Ev'n now, she shades thy Evening-walk with bays
(No hireling she, no prostitute to praise);
Ev'n now, observant of the parting ray,
Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy various Day,
Through Fortune's cloud one truly great can see,
Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is he.

30

35

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E
TO JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

SECRETARY OF STATE IN THE YEAR 1720.

A Soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride,
Which nothing seeks to shew, or needs to hide;
Which nor to Guilt, nor Fear, its Caution owes,
And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows:
A Face untaught to feign; a judging Eye, 5 }
That darts severe upon a rising Lie,
And strikes a blush through frontless Flattery:
All this thou wert; and being this before,
Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more.
Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways, 10
Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise;
But candid, free, sincere, as you began,
Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man.
Be not (exalted to whate'er degree)
Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me: 15
The Patriot's plain, but untrod, path pursue;
If not, 'tis I must be asham'd of You.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

TO MR. JERVAS,

With Mr. DRYDEN's Translation of FRESNOY's
Art of Painting.

THIS Epistle, and the two following, were written some
years before the rest, and originally printed in 1717.

THIS Verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse
This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse.
Whether thy hand strike out some free design,
Where Life awakes, and dawns at every line;
Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass, 5
And from the canvass call the mimic face:
Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire
Fresnoy's close Art, and Dryden's native Fire:
And reading with, like theirs, our fate and fame, 10
So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name;
Like them to shine through long succeeding age,
So just thy skill, so regular my rage.

Smit with the love of Sister-Arts we came,
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame;
Like friendly colours found them both unite, 15
And each from each contract new strength and light.
How oft in pleasing tasks we wear the day,
While summer-suns roll unperceiv'd away!
How oft our slowly-growing works impart,
While Images reflect from art to art! 20

How

How oft review; each finding like a friend
Something to blame, and something to commend!

What flattering scenes our wandering fancy wrought,
Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought!
'Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25
Fir'd with Ideas of fair Italy.

With thee on Raphael's Monument I mourn,
Or wait inspiring Dreams at Maro's Urn:
With thee repose, where Tully once was laid,
Or seek some Ruin's formidable shade: 30
While Fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view,
And builds imaginary Rome anew.

Here thy well-studied marbles fix our eye;
A fading Fresco here demands a sigh:
Each heavenly piece unwearied we compare, 35
Match Raphael's grace with thy lov'd Guido's air,
Carracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine.

How finish'd with illustrious toil appears
This small, well-polish'd Gem, the work of years! 40
Yet still how faint by precept is express'd
The living image in the painter's breast!
Thence endless streams of fair Ideas flow,
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow;
Thence Beauty, waking all her forms, supplies 45
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes.

Muse! at that Name thy sacred sorrows shed,
Those tears eternal that embalm the dead;
Call round her Tomb each object of desire,
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire: 50
Bid

Bid her be all that cheers or softens life,
 The tender sister, daughter, friend, and wife:
 Bid her be all that makes mankind adore;
 Then view this marble, and be vain no more!

Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage; 55
 Her modest cheek shall warm a future age.
 Beauty, frail flower that every season fears,
 Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years.
 Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprise,
 And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes; 60
 Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,
 And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow.

Oh, lasting as those Colours may they shine,
 Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line;
 New graces yearly like thy works display, 65
 Soft without weakness, without glaring gay;
 Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains;
 And finish'd more through happiness than pains!
 The kindred Arts shall in their praise conspire,
 One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre. 70
 Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
 And breathe an air divine on every face;
 Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll
 Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul;
 With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie, 75
 And these be sung till Granville's Myra die:
 Alas! how little from the grave we claim!
 'Thou but preserv'st a Face, and I a Name.

EPISTLE

E P I S T L E

TO MISS BLOUNT,

WITH THE WORKS OF VOITURE.

IN these gay thoughts the Loves and Graces shine,
And all the Writer lives in every line:

His easy Art may happy Nature seem,

Trifles themselves are elegant in him.

Sure to charm all was his peculiar fate,

5

Who without flattery pleas'd the fair and great;

Still with esteem no less convers'd than read;

With wit well-natur'd, and with books well-bred:

His heart, his mistress and his friend did share;

His time, the Muse, the witty and the fair.

10

Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,

Chearful he play'd the trifle, Life, away;

Till fate scarce felt his gentle breath suppress,

As smiling Infants sport themselves to rest.

Ev'n rival Wits did Voiture's death deplore,

15

And the gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before;

The truest hearts for Voiture heav'd with sighs,

Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eyes:

The Smiles and Loves had died in Voiture's death,

But that for ever in his lines they breathe.

20

Let the strict life of graver mortals be

A long, exact, and serious Comedy;

In every scene some Moral let it teach,

And, if it can, at once both please and preach.

Let

Let mine, an innocent gay farce appear, 25
 And more diverting still than regular,
 Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace,
 Though not too strictly bound to Time and Place:
 Critics in Wit, or Life, are hard to please;
 Few write to those, and none can live to these. 30

Too much your Sex are by their forms confin'd,
 Severe to all, but most to Womankind;
 Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your guide;
 Your pleasure is a vice, but not your pride;
 By Nature yielding, stubborn but for fame; 35
 Made Slaves by honour, and made Fools by shame.
 Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chace,
 But sets up one, a greater in their place:
 Well might you wish for change by those accurst,
 But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst. 40
 Still in constraint your suffering Sex remains,
 Or bound in formal, or in real chains:
 Whole years neglected, for some months ador'd,
 The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.
 Ah, quit not the free innocence of life, 45
 For the dull glory of a virtuous Wife;
 Nor let false Shews, nor empty Titles please:
 Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse Pamela with her prayers,
 Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares, 50
 The shining robes, rich jewels, beds of state,
 And, to complete her bliss, a Fool for Mate.
 She glares in Balls, front Boxes, and the Ring,
 A vain, unquiet, glittering, wretched Thing!

Pride,

Pride, Pomp, and State, but reach her outward part; 55
 She sighs, and is no Duchess at her heart.

But, Madam, if the fates withstand, and you
 Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too;
 Trust not too much your now resistless charms,
 Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late disarms: 60
 Good-humour only teaches charms to last,
 Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past;
 Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like that decay,
 Our hearts may bear its slender chain a day;
 As flowery bands in wantonness are worn, 65
 A morning's pleasure, and at evening torn;
 This binds in ties more easy, yet more strong,
 The willing heart, and only holds it long.

Thus * Voiture's early care still shone the same,
 And Monthausier was only chang'd in name; 70
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,
 Their Wit still sparkling, and their flames still warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elysian coast,
 Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost:
 Pleas'd, while with smiles his happy lines you view, 75
 And finds a fairer Ramboüillet in you.
 The brightest eyes in France inspir'd his Muse;
 The brightest eyes in Britain now peruse;
 And dead, as living, 'tis our Author's pride
 Still to charm those who charm the world beside. 80

* Mademoiselle Paulet.

E P I S T L E
TO THE SAME,

On her leaving the Town after the Coronation, 1715.

AS some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
Drags from the Town to wholesome Country air,
Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
From the dear man unwilling she must sever, 5
Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
'Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
She sigh'd, not that they stay'd, but that she went. 10

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
She went from Opera, Park, Assembly, Play,
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a-day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea, 15
To muse, and spill her solitary tea;
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the 'Squire; 20
Up to her godly garret after seven,
There starve and pray, for that 's the way to heaven.

Some 'Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is Whist, whose treat a toast in sack:

Who

Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25
Then gives a smacking buff, and cries,—No words!
Or with his hounds comes hallooing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse. 30

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,
You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;
In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
See Coronations rise on every green;
Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35
Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,
While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes;
Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.

Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls! 40

So when your slave, at some dear idle time,
(Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
And while he seems to study, thinks of you.
Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,

Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
Vex'd to be still in town, I knit my brow,
Look sour, and hum a Tune, as you may now. 50

THE
BASSET-TABLE,
AN
ECLOGUE.

CARDELIA. SMILINDA.

CARDELIA.

THE Basset-Table spread, the Tallier come;
Why stays Smilinda in the Dressing-room?
Rise, pensive Nymph; the Tallier waits for you.

SMILINDA.

Ah, Madam, since my Sharper is untrue,
I joyless make my once ador'd Alpheu.
I saw him stand behind Ombrelia's Chair,
And whisper with that soft, deluding air,
And those feign'd sighs which cheat the listening Fair.

CARDELIA.

Is this the cause of your romantic strains?
A mightier grief my heavy heart sustains.
As You by Love, so I by Fortune cross'd;
One, one bad Deal, Three Septlevas have lost.

SMILINDA.

Is that the grief, which you compare with mine?
With ease, the smiles of Fortune I resign:
Would all my gold in one bad Deal were gone,
Were lovely Sharper mine, and mine alone.

CARDELIA.

CARDELIA.

A lover lost, is but a common care;
 And prudent Nymphs against that change prepare:
 The Knave of Clubs thrice lost: Oh! who could guess
 This fatal stroke, this unforeseen Distress? 20

SMILINDA.

See Betty Lovet! very à propos,
 She all the cares of Love and Play does know:
 Dear Betty shall th' important point decide;
 Betty, who oft the pain of each has try'd:
 Impartial, she shall say who suffers most, 25
 By Cards, Ill-Ufage, or by Lovers lost.

LOVET.

Tell, tell your griefs; attentive will I stay,
 Though time is precious, and I want some Tea.

CARDELIA.

Behold this Equipage, by Mathers wrought,
 With Fifty Guineas (a great Pen'worth) bought. 30
 See, on the Tooth-pick, Mars and Cupid strive;
 And both the struggling figures seem alive.
 Upon the bottom shines the Queen's bright Face;
 A Myrtle Foliage round the Thimble-case;
 Jove, Jove himself does on the Scissars shine; 35
 The Metal, and the Workmanship, divine!

SMILINDA.

This Snuff-box,—once the pledge of Sharper's love,
 When rival beauties for the Present strove;
 At Corticelli's he the Raffle won;
 Then first his Passion was in public shown: 40
 Hazardia blush'd, and turn'd her head aside,
 A Rival's envy (all in vain) to hide.

This Snuff-box,—on the Hinge see Brilliants shine!
This Snuff-box will I stake; the Prize is mine.

CARDELIA.

Alas! far lesser losses than I bear, 45
Have made a Soldier sigh, a Lover swear.
And oh! what makes the disappointment hard,
'Twas my own Lord that drew the fatal Card.
In Complaisance, I took the Queen he gave;
Though my own secret wish was for the Knave. 50
The Knave won Sonica, which I had chose;
And the next Pull, my Septleva I lose.

SMILINDA.

But ah! what aggravates the killing smart,
The cruel thought, that stabs me to the heart;
This curs'd Ombrelia, this undoing Fair, 55
By whose vile arts this heavy grief I bear;
She, at whose name I shed these spiteful tears,
She owes to me the very charms she wears.
An aukward Thing, when first she came to Town;
Her Shape unfashion'd, and her Face unknown: 60
She was my friend; I taught her first to spread
Upon her fallow cheeks enlivening red:
I introduc'd her to the Park and Plays;
And by my interest, Cozens made her Stays.
Ungrateful wretch, with mimic airs grown pert, 65
She dares to steal my Favourite Lover's heart!

CARDELIA.

Wretch that I was! how often have I swore,
When Winnall tally'd, I would punt no more!
I know the Bite, yet to my Ruin run;
And see the Folly, which I cannot shun. 70

SMILINDA.

SMILINDA.

How many Maids have Sharper's vows deceiv'd!
 How many curs'd the moment they believ'd!
 Yet his known Falsehoods could no Warning prove:
 Ah! what is Warning to a Maid in Love?

CARDELIA.

But of what marble must that breast be form'd, 75
 To gaze on Bassett, and remain unwarm'd?
 When Kings, Queens, Knaves, are set in decent rank;
 Expos'd in glorious heaps the tempting Bank,
 Guineas, Half-guineas, all the shining train;
 The Winner's pleasure, and the Loser's pain: 80
 In bright Confusion open Rouleaus lie,
 They strike the Soul, and glitter in the Eye.
 Fir'd by the sight, all reason I disdain;
 My Passions rise, and will not bear the rein.
 Look upon Bassett, you who reason boast; 85
 And see if reason must not there be lost,

SMILINDA.

What more than marble must that heart compose,
 Can hearken coldly to my Sharper's Vows?
 Then, when he trembles! when his Blushes rise!
 When awful Love seems melting in his Eyes! 90
 With eager beats his Mechlin Cravat moves:
 He loves,—I whisper to myself, he loves!
 Such unfeign'd Passion in his looks appears,
 I lose my Memory of my former Fears;
 My panting heart confesses all his charms, 95
 I yield at once, and sink into his arms.

Think of that moment, you who Prudence boast;
For such a moment, Prudence well were lost.

CARDELIA.

At the Groom-Porter's, batter'd Bullies play,
Some Dukes at Marybone bowl Time away.
But who the Bowl, or rattling Dice compares 100
To Basset's heavenly Joys, and pleasing Cares?

SMILINDA.

Soft Simplicetta doats upon a Beau;
Prudina likes a Man, and laughs at Show.
Their several graces in my Sharper meet; 105
Strong as the Footman, as the Master sweet.

LOVET.

Cease your contention, which has been too long;
I grow impatient, and the Tea's too strong.
Attend, and yield to what I now decide;
The Equipage shall grace Smilinda's Side: 110
The Snuff-box to Cardelia I decree;
Now leave complaining, and begin your Tea.

VER.

VERBATIM FROM BOILEAU.

UN JOUR, DIT UN AUTEUR, &c.

ONCE (says an Author, where I need not say)
 Two Travellers found an Oyfter in their way;
 Both fierce, both hungry; the Dispute grew strong,
 While Scale in hand Dame Justice pass'd along.
 Before her each with clamour pleads the Laws,
 Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.
 Dame Justice weighing long the doubtful Right,
 Takes, opens, swallows it, before their sight.
 The cause of strife remov'd so rarely well,
 There take (says Justice) take you each a Shell.
 We thrive at Westminster on Fools like you:
 'Twas a fat Oyfter—Live in peace—Adieu.

ANSWER to the following Question of
 Mrs. HOWE.

WHAT IS PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam,

Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom.

'Tis a fear that starts at shadows.

'Tis (no, 'tis n't) like Miss Meadows.

'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,

Old, and void of all good-nature;

Lean and fretful; would seem wise;

Yet plays the fool before she dies.

'Tis an ugly, envious Shrew,

That rails at dear Lepell and You.

Occasioned

Occasioned by some Verses of his Grace the
Duke of BUCKINGHAM.

MUSE, 'tis enough: at length thy labour ends,
And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let Crowds of Critics now my verse assail,
Let Dennis write, and nameless numbers rail:
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain.
Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

A P R O L O G U E
BY MR. POPE,

To a Play for Mr. DENNIS's Benefit, in 1733, when he
was old, blind, and in great Distress, a little before his
Death.

AS when that Hero, who in each Campaign
Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain,
Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by every Foe:
Was there a generous, a reflecting mind,
But pitied Belisarius old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?

Such

Such, such emotions should in Britons rise,
 When press'd by want and weakness Dennis lies; 10
 Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns,
 Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
 A desperate Bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce,
 Against the Gothic Sons of frozen verse:
 How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan, 15
 And shook the stage with Thunders all his own!
 Stood up to dash each vain Pretender's hope,
 Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
 If there 's a Briton then, true bred and born,
 Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn; 20
 If there 's a Critic of distinguish'd rage;
 If there 's a Senior, who contemns this age;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the Critic's, Briton's, Old Man's Friend.

P R O L O G U E
 T O S O P H O N I S B A,

BY POPE AND MALLET*.

WHEN Learning, after the long Gothic night,
 Fair, o'er the Western world, renew'd its light,
 With arts arising, Sophonisba rose:
 The Tragic Muse, returning, wept her woes.

* I have been told by Savage, that of the Prologue to Sophonisba the first part was written by Pope, who could not be persuaded to finish it; and that the concluding lines were written by Mallet.

Dr. JOHNSON.

With her th' Italian scene first learn'd to glow;
 And the first tears for her were taught to flow.
 Her charms the Gallic Muses next inspir'd:
 Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fir'd.

What foreign theatres with pride have shown,
 Britain, by juster title, makes her own.

When Freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight;
 And hers, when Freedom is the theme, to write.

For this a British Author bids again
 The heroine rise, to grace the British scene.
 Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame:
 She asks, what bosom has not felt the same?
 Asks of the British Youth—Is silence there?
 She dares to ask it of the British Fair.

To-night, our home-spun author would be true,
 At once, to nature, history, and you.

Well-pleas'd to give our neighbours due applause,
 He owns their learning, but disdains their laws.

Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,
 'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame.

If France excel him in one free-born thought,
 The man, as well as poet, is in fault.

Nature! informer of the Poet's art,
 Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,
 Thou art his guide; each passion, every line,
 Whate'er he draws to please, must all be thine.
 Be thou his judge: in every candid breast,
 Thy silent whisper is the sacred test.

MACER

M A C E R:

A C H A R A C T E R.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First fought a Poet's Fortune in the Town,
 'Twas all th' Ambition his high soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steel.
 Some Ends of verse his Betters might afford; 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town,
 And with a borrow'd Play out-did poor Crown.
 There he stopp'd short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the Wit to make the most of little: 10
 Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the Wits his foes, but Fools his friends.
 So some coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd, 15
 Trudges to town, and first turns Chambermaid;
 Awkward and supple, each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good Lady twice a-day;
 Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her Simplicity: 20
 In a translated Suit, then tries the Town,
 With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own:
 But just endur'd the Winter she began,
 And in four Months a batter'd Harridan.
 Now nothing left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk, 25
 To bawd for others, and go shares with Punk.

To

TO Mr. JOHN MOORE,

AUTHOR of the celebrated WORM-POWDER.

HOW much, egregious Moore, are we
Deceiv'd by shews and forms!
Whate'er we think, whate'er we see,
All Humankind are Worms.

Man is a very Worm by birth,
Vile, reptile, weak, and vain!
A while he crawls upon the earth,
Then shrinks to earth again.

That Woman is a Worm, we find
E'er since our Grandame's evil;
She first convers'd with her own kind,
That ancient Worm, the Devil.

The learn'd themselves we Book-worms name,
The Blockhead is a Slow-worm;
The Nymph whose tail is all on flame,
Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm:

The Fops are painted Butterflies,
That flutter for a day;
First from a Worm they take their rise,
And in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Earwig grows;
Thus Worms suit all conditions;
Misers are Muck-worms, Silk-worms Beaus,
And Death-watches Physicians.

That

That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen
By all their winding play;
Their Conscience is a Worm within,
That gnaws them night and day.

Ah Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
And greater gain would rise,
If thou couldst make the Courtier void
The Worm that never dies!

O learned Friend of Abchurch-lane,
Who sett'st our entrails free;
Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain,
Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our Fate thou only canst adjourn
Some few short years, no more!
Ev'n Button's Wits to Worms shall turn,
Who Maggots were before.

SONG, by a Person of Quality.

Written in the Year 1733.

I.

FLUTTERING spread thy purple Pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my Heart;
I a Slave in thy Dominions;
Nature must give way to Art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your Flocks,
See my weary Days consuming,
All beneath yon flowery Rocks.

III.

Thus the Cyprian Goddess weeping,
Mourn'd Adonis, darling Youth;
Him the Boar, in Silence creeping,
Gor'd with unrelenting Tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious Numbers;
Fair Discretion, string the Lyre;
Sooth my ever-waking Slumbers:
Bright Apollo, lend thy Choir.

V.

Gloomy Pluto, King of Terrors,
Arm'd in adamantine Chains,
Lead me to the Crystal Mirrors,
Watering soft Elysian Plains.

VI.

Mournful Cypress, verdant Willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia's Brows,
 Morpheus hovering o'er my Pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows.

VII.

Melancholy smooth Mæander,
 Swiftly purling in a Round,
 On thy Margin Lovers wander,
 With thy flowery Chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping,
 Softly seeks her silent Mate,
 See the Bird of Juno stooping;
 Melody resigns to Fate.

ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon;
 (Envy be silent, and attend!)

I know a reasonable Woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a Friend.

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour;
 Not grave through Pride, nor gay through Folly;
 An equal Mixture of Good-humour,
 And sensible soft Melancholy.

"Has she no faults then, (Envy says) Sir?"

Yes, she has one, I must aver:

When all the World conspires to praise her,
 The Woman's deaf, and does not hear.

On his GROTTO at Twickenham,

COMPOSED OF

MARBLE, SPARS, GEMS, ORES, and MINERALS.

THOU who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent
wave

Shines a broad Mirrour through the shadowy Cave;
Where lingering drops from mineral Roofs distil,
And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill,
Unpolish'd Gems no Ray on Pride bestow, 5
And latent Metals innocently glow;

Approach. Great NATURE studiously behold!
And eye the Mine without a wish for Gold.

Approach: but awful! Lo! th' Ægerian Grott,
Where, nobly pensive, ST. JOHN sat and thought; 10
Where British sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole,
And the bright flame was shot through MARCHMONT'S
Soul.

Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor,
Who dare to love their Country, and be poor.

To Mrs. M. B. on her BIRTH-DAY.

O H, be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,
 Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a
 Friend!

Not with those Toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.

With added years, if Life bring nothing new, 5
 But like a Sieve let every blessing through,
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad Reflection more;
 Is that a Birth-Day? 'tis alas! too clear,
 'Tis but the Funeral of the former year. 10

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
 And the gay Conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm every thought, inspirit every grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face.
 Let day improve on day, and year on year. 15
 Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
 Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or Ecstasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb, 20
 And wake to Raptures in a Life to come.

VARIATION.

Ver. 15. Originally thus in the MS.

And oh, since Death must that fair frame destroy,
 Die, by some sudden Ecstasy of Joy;
 In some soft dream may thy mild soul remove,
 And be thy latest gasp a Sigh of Love.

A a 2

To

TO Mr. THOMAS SOUTHERN,

ON his BIRTH-DAY, 1742.

RESIGN'D to live, prepar'd to die,
 With not one sin, but poetry,
 This day Tom's fair Account has run
 (Without a blot) to eighty-one.
 Kind Boyle, before his poet, lays
 A table, with a cloth of bays;
 And Ireland, mother of sweet fingers,
 Presents her harp still to his fingers.
 The feast, his towering genius marks
 In yonder wild-goose and the larks!
 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden!
 And for his judgment, lo a pudden!
 Roast beef, though old, proclaims him stout,
 And grace, although a bard, devout.
 May Tom, whom Heaven sent down to raise
 The price of prologues and of plays,
 Be every birth-day more a winner,
 Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner;
 Walk to his grave without reproach,
 And scorn a rascal and a coach.

To Lady MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE*.

I.

IN beauty, or wit,
 No mortal as yet.
 To question your empire has dar'd;
 But men of discerning
 Have thought that in learning,
 To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
 With musty dull rules,
 Have reading to females deny'd:
 So papists refuse
 The Bible to use,
 Left flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first,
 (Indeed she was curst)
 In knowledge that tasted delight,

* This panegyric on Lady Mary Wortley Montague might have been suppressed by Mr. Pope, on account of her having satirized him in her verses to the imitator of Horace; which abuse he returned in the first Satire of the second book of Horace.

"From furious Sappho, scarce a milder fate,

"P—'d by her love, or libel'd by her hate."

S.

And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first of possessors the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right, and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robb'd the whole tree?

The FOURTH EPISTLE of the FIRST BOOK of
HORACE's EPISTLES*.

A MODERN IMITATION.

SAY †, St. John, who alone peruse
With candid eye, the mimic Muse,
What schemes of politics, or laws,
In Gallic lands the patriot draws!
Is then a greater work in hand, 5
Than all the tomes of Haines's band?
"Or shoots he folly as it flies?
"Or catches manners as they rise? ‡
Or, urg'd by unquench'd native heat,
§ Does St. John Greenwich sports repeat? 10
Where (emulous of Chartres' fame)
Ev'n Chartres' self is scarce a name.

* This satire on Lord Bolingbroke, and the praise bestowed on him in a letter to Mr. Richardson, where Mr. Pope says,

"The sons shall blush their fathers were his foes;"

being so contradictory, probably occasioned the former to be suppressed. S.

Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.

† Albi, nostrorum sermonum candide iudex,
Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedana?
Scribere, quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?

‡ The lines here quoted occur in the "Essay on Man."

§ An tacitam silvas inter reptare salubres?

A a 4

To

* To you (th' all-envy'd gift of Heaven)
 Th' indulgent gods, unask'd, have given
 A form complete in every part,
 And, to enjoy that gift, the art.

15

† What could a tender mother's care
 Wish better, to her favourite heir,
 Than wit, and fame, and lucky hours,
 A stock of health, and golden showers,
 And graceful fluency of speech,
 Precepts before unknown to teach?

20

‡ Amidst thy various ebbs of fear,
 And gleaming hope, and black despair;
 Yet let thy friend this truth impart;
 A truth I tell with bleeding heart,
 (In justice for your labours past)

25

§ That every day shall be your last;
 That every hour you life renew
 Is to your injur'd country due.

30

In spight of fears, of mercy spight,
 My genius still must rail, and write.

* ————— Di tibi formam
 Di tibi divitias dederant, artemque fruendi.

† Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
 Quam sapere, et fari posset quæ sentiat, et cui
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
 ————— non deficiente crumena?

‡ Inter spem, curamque, timores inter et iras.
 § Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.
 Me pinguem, et nitidum bene curata cute vides,
 Cum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

Haste

Haste to thy Twickenham's safe retreat,
And mingle with the grumbling great:
There, half devour'd by spleen, you 'll find
The rhyming bubbler of mankind;
There (objects of our mutual hate)
We 'll ridicule both church and state.

35

EPIGRAM

EPIGRAM ON MRS. TOFTS.

A HANDSOME WOMAN WITH A FINE VOICE, BUT
VERY COVETOUS AND PROUD*.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Orpheus
along;
But such is thy avarice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet have died.

E P I G R A M

On one who made LONG EPITAPHS†.

FREIND, for your Epitaphs I 'm griev'd,
Where still so much is said;
One half will never be believ'd,
The other never read.

* This epigram, first printed anonymously in Steele's Collection, and copied in the Miscellanies of Swift and Pope, is scribed to Pope by Sir John Hawkins in his History of Music—Mrs. Tofts, who was the daughter of a person in the family of Bishop Burnet, is celebrated as a singer little inferior, either for her voice or manner, to the best Italian women. She lived at the introduction of the opera into this kingdom, and sung in company with Nicolini; but, being ignorant of Italian, chanted her recitative in English, in answer to his Italian; yet the charms of their voices overcame the absurdity.

† It is not generally known that the person here meant was Dr. Robert Freind, Head Master of Westminster School

TO SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PAINTING FOR ME THE STATUES OF
APOLLO, VENUS, AND HERCULES.

WHAT God, what Genius did the pencil move—
When Kneller painted these?
'Twas Friendship—warm as Phœbus, kind as Love,
And strong as Hercules.

A FAREWELL TO LONDON

IN THE YEAR 1715.

DEAR, damn'd, distracting town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll tease:

This year in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B--- and rough C---, adieu!

Earl Warwick make your moan,
The lively H----k and you
May knock up whores alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll;
Let Jervais gratis paint, and Frowde
Save three-pence and his foul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot,

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage;
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse of all he fed,
Has yet the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd:
Poor Y - - r's sold for fifty pound,
And B - - - - ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great,
When I no favour seek?
Or follow girls seven hours in eight?—
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Sollicitous for others ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolick with my foes.

Luxurious

Luxurious lobster-nights, farewell,
 For sober, studious days!
 And Burlington's delicious meal,
 For fallads, tarts, and pease!
 Adieu to all but Gay alone,
 Whose soul, sincere and free,
 Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
 And so may starve with me.

A D I A L O G U E.

POPE. **S**INCE my old friend is grown so great,
 As to be minister of state,
 I 'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
 That Craggs will be asham'd of Pope.

Craggs. Alas! if I am such a creature,
 To grow the worse for growing greater;
 Why faith, in spite of all my brags,
 'Tis Pope must be asham'd of Craggs.

E P I G R A M.

Engraved on the Collar of a Dog, which I gave to his
 Royal Highness.

I AM his Highness' dog at Kew;
 Pray tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?

EPIGRAM

E P I G R A M.

Occasioned by an Invitation to Court.

IN the lines that you sent, are the Muses and Graces;
You 've the Nine in your wit, and the Three in your
faces.

O N A N O L D G A T E

ERECTED IN CHISWICK GARDENS.

O Gate, how cam'st thou here?
Gate. I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather.
Inigo Jones put me together.
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone:
Burlington brought me hither.
1742.

A F R A G M E N T.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendant shades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart);
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.

VERSES

VERSES left by Mr. POPE, on his lying in the same Bed which WILMOT the celebrated Earl of Rochester slept in, at Adderbury, then belonging to the Duke of Argyle, July 9th, 1739.

WITH no poetic ardour fir'd
I press the bed where Wilmot lay;
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave, or gay.

But in thy roof, Argyle, are bred
Such thoughts as prompt the brave to lie
Stretch'd out in honour's nobler bed,
Beneath a nobler roof—the sky.

Such flames as high in patriots burn,
Yet stoop to bless a child or wife;
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life.

V E R S E S T O M R. C.
S T. J A M E S ' S P L A C E.

L O N D O N, O C T O B E R 2 2.

FEW words are best; I wish you well;
Bethel, I 'm told, will soon be here:
Some morning-walks along the Mall,
And evening friends, will end the year.

If, in this interval, between
The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host;

For three whole days you here may rest,
From office, business, news, and strife;
And (what most folks would think a jest)
Want nothing else, except your wife.

EPITAPHS.

E P I T A P H S.

“ His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
 “ Munere!” VIRG.

I.

On CHARLES Earl of DORSET,

In the Church of Withyam in Suffex.

DORSET, the Grace of Courts, the Muses' Pride,
 Patron of Arts, and judge of Nature, dy'd.
 The scourge of Pride, though sanctified or great,
 Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State:
 Yet soft his Nature, though severe his Lay,
 His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gay.
 Blest Satirist! who touch'd the Mean so true,
 As show'd, Vice had his hate and pity too.
 Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please,
 Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his ease.
 Blest Peer! his great Forefathers every grace
 Reflecting, and reflected in his Race;
 Where other BUCKHURSTS, other DORSETS shine,
 And Patrons still, or Poets, deck the Line.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBAL,

One of the principal Secretaries of State to King
WILLIAM III. who, having resigned his place,
died in his Retirement at Easthamsted in Berk-
shire, 1716.

A Pleasing Form; a firm, yet cautious Mind;
Sincere, though prudent; constant, yet resign'd:
Honour unchang'd, a Principle profess'd,
Fix'd to one side, but moderate to the rest:
An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too;
Just to his Prince, and to his Country true:
Fill'd with the Sense of Age, the Fire of Youth,
A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
A generous Faith, from Superstition free:
A love to Peace, and hate of Tyranny;
Such this Man was: who now, from Earth remov'd,
At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

III. On

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT,

Only Son of the Lord Chancellor HARCOURT, at the
Church of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire, 1720.

TO this sad shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear;
Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide,
Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak!
If Pope must tell what HARCOURT cannot speak.
Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone,
And, with a Father's sorrows, mix his own!

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, Esq.

In Westminster-Abbey.

JACOBUS CRAGGS,

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMORE ET DELICIÆ,

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR

ANNOS, HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.

OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.

Statesman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere,
In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
Who broke no Promise, serv'd no private End,
Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend,

Ennobled by Himself, by all approv'd,
Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd.

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE,
In Westminster-Abbey.

THY reliques, ROWE, to this fair Urn we trust,
And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust:
Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies,
To which thy Tomb shall guide inquiring eyes.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest! 5
Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest!
One grateful woman to thy fame supplies
What a whole thankless land to his denies.

VARIATION.

It is as follows on the Monument in the Abbey erected to
Rowe and his Daughter.

Thy Reliques, ROWE! to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakespeare place thy honour'd bust,
Oh, next him, skill'd to draw the tender tear,
For never heart felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdain'd a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest;
Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest!
And blest, that, timely from our scene remov'd,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it lov'd.
'To these so mourn'd in death, so lov'd in life;
The childless parent and the widow'd wife,
With tears inscribes this monumental stone,
That holds their ashes and expects her own.

VI. On

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET,

Who died of a Cancer in her Breast.

HERE rests a Woman, good without pretence,
 Blest with plain Reason, and with sober Sense:
 No Conquests she, but o'er herself, desir'd,
 No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd.
 Passion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
 Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
 So unaffected, so compos'd a mind;
 So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refin'd;
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by Tortures try'd;
 The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

VII.

On the Monument of the Honourable ROBERT DIGBY,
 and of his Sister MARY, erected by their Father the
 LORD DIGBY, in the Church of Sherborne, in Dor-
 setshire, 1727.

GO! fair Example of untainted youth,
 Of modest wisdom, and pacific truth;
 Compos'd in sufferings, and in joy sedate,
 Good without noise, without pretension great.
 Just of thy word, in every thought sincere,
 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear:
 Of softest manners, unaffected mind,
 Lover of peace, and friend of human kind:

Go, live! for Heaven's eternal year is thine,
Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.

And thou, blest Maid! attendant on his doom,
Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb,
Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore,
Not parted long, and now to part no more!
Go then, where only bliss sincere is known!
Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!

Yet take these Tears, Mortality's relief,
And till we share your joys, forgive our grief:
These little rites, a Stone, a Verse receive;
'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER,
In Westminster-Abbey, 1723.

KNELLER, by Heaven, and not a Master taught,
Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures
Thought;

Now for two ages having snatch'd from Fate
Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
Lies crown'd with Princes honours, Poets lays,
Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of praise.

Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
Her works; and, dying, fears herself may die.

IX. On

IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1729.

HERE, WITHERS, rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of human-kind.
Oh born to Arms! O Worth in Youth approv'd!
O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!

For thee, the hardy Veteran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere.

WITHERS, adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!
Amidst Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
Still leave some ancient Virtues to our age:
Nor let us say (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON,

At Easthamsted, in Berks, 1730.

THIS modest Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
May truly say, Here lies an honest Man:
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heaven kept sacred from the Proud and Great:
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace,

B b 4

Calmly

Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
 From Nature's temperate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd Heaven that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

XI.

On Mr. GAY,

In Westminster-Abbey, 1732.

OF Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
 In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
 With native Humour tempering virtuous Rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and lash the age:
 Above Temptation in a low Estate, 5
 And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great:
 A safe Companion, and an easy Friend,
 Unblam'd through Life, lamented in thy End.
 These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust
 Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust; 10
 But that the Worthy and the Good shall say,
 Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY.

Another.

WELL then! poor Gay lies under ground,
 So there 's an end of honest Jack:
 So little justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he 'll ne'er come back.

XII.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON,

In Westminster-Abbey.

ISAACUS NEWTONUS:

Quem Immortalem

Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum:

Mortalem

Hoc marmor fatetur.

Nature and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night:
God said, Let Newton be! and all was Light.

XIII.

On Dr. FRANCIS ATTERBURY,

Bishop of Rochester,

Who died in Exile at Paris, 1732.

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him.]

D I A L O G U E.

S H E.

YES, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part!
May Heaven, dear Father! now have all thy Heart.
Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still,
Till you are dust like me.

H E.

H E.

Dear Shade! I will:
 Then mix this dust with thine—O spotless Ghost!
 O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost!
 Is there on Earth, one care, one wish beside?
 Yes—**SAVE MY COUNTRY, HEAVEN,**
 —He said, and dy'd.

XIV.

On EDMOND Duke of BUCKINGHAM,

Who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age, 1735.

IF modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
 And every opening Virtue blooming round,
 Could save a Parent's justest Pride from fate,
 Or add one Patriot to a sinking State;
 This weeping marble had not ask'd thy Tear,
 Or sadly told, how many hopes lie here!
 The living Virtue now had shone approv'd,
 The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
 Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame
 Attend the shade of gentle BUCKINGHAM:
 In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
 Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
 And, Chiefs or Sages long to Britain given,
 Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heaven.

XV. For

XV.

For one who would not be buried in Westminster-Abbey.

HEROES and KINGS! your distance keep;
In peace let one poor Poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd Folks like you:
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too.

Another, on the same.

UNDER this Marble, or under this Sill,
Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will;
Whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead,
Or any good creature shall lay o'er my head,
Lies one who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a pin
What they said, or may say, of the Mortal within:
But who, living and dying, serene still and free,
Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be.

XVI.

Lord CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH*.

HERE lies Lord Coningsby—be civil;
The rest God knows—so does the Devil.

* This Epitaph, originally written on Picus Mirandula, is applied to F. Chartres, and printed among the works of Swift. See Hawkesworth edition, vol. vi. S.

On

On BUTLER'S MONUMENT.

Perhaps by Mr. POPE*.

RESPECT to Dryden, Sheffield justly pay'd,
 And noble Villers honour'd Cowley's shade:
 But whence this Barber?—that a name so mean
 Should, join'd with Butler's, on a tomb be seen:
 This pyramid would better far proclaim,
 To future ages humbler Settle's name:
 Poet and patron then had been well pair'd,
 The city printer, and the city bard.

* Mr. Pope, in one of the prints from Scheemaker's monument of Shakespeare in Westminster-Abbey, has sufficiently shewn his contempt of Alderman Barber, by the following couplet, which is substituted in the place of "The cloud-capp'd towers, &c."

"Thus Britain lov'd me; and preserv'd my fame,

"Clear from a Barber's or a Benson's name."

A. POPE.

Pope might probably have suppressed his satire on the Alderman, because he was one of Swift's acquaintances and correspondents; though in the Fourth Book of the Dunciad he has an anonymous stroke at him:

"So by each bard an Alderman shall fit,

"A heavy Lord shall hang at every wit."

S.

C O N T E N T S

O F T H E

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